PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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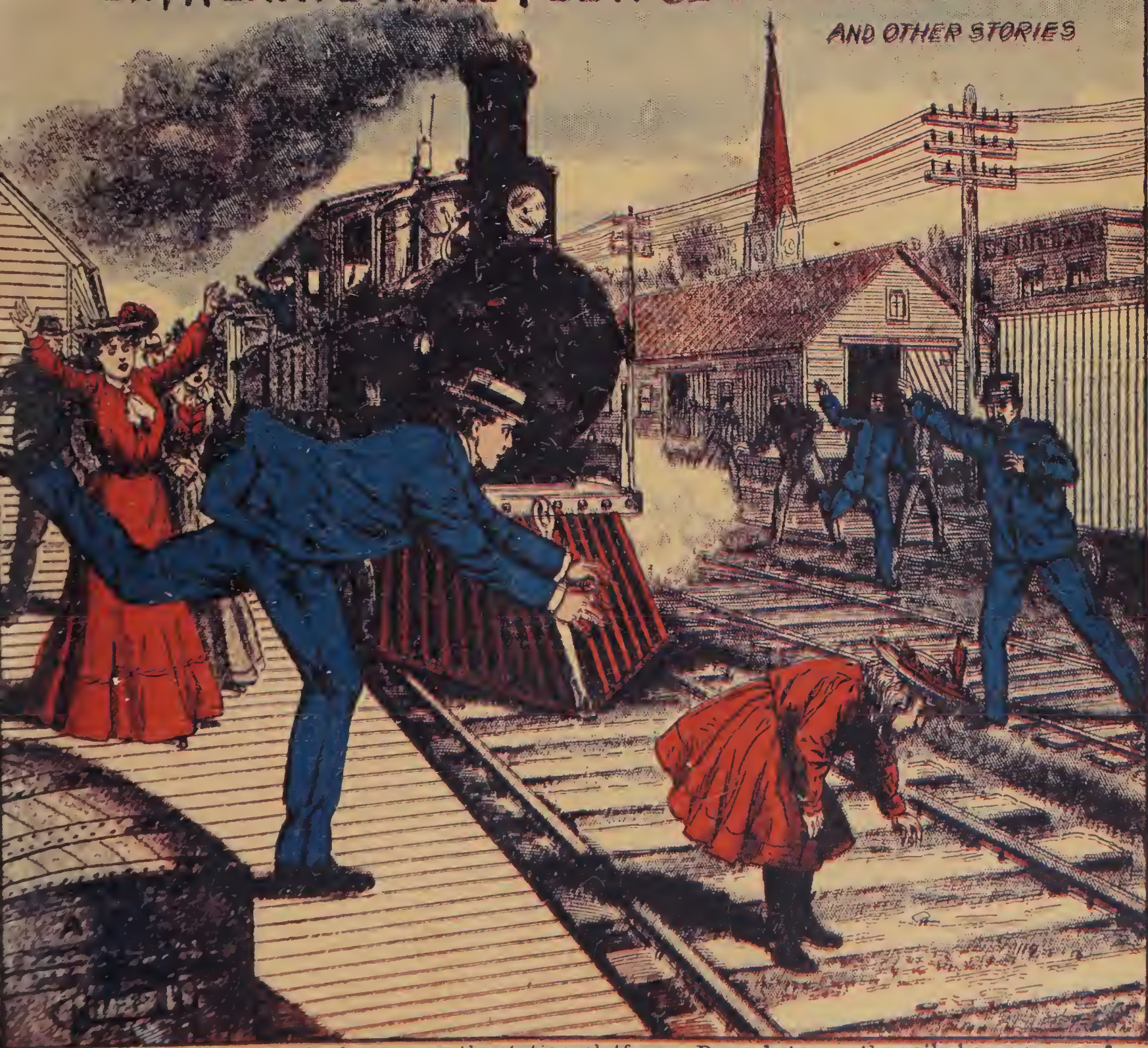
No. 1152 NEW YORK, JUNE 30, 1920. Price 7 Cents

TOM TRAIN THE BOY ENGINEER OF THE FAST EXPRESS;

OR, ALWAYS AT HIS POST.

By JAS. C. MERRITT.

AND OTHER STORIES



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Tom Train, the Boy Engineer of the Fast Express

Or, ALWAYS AT HIS POST

By JA'S C. MERRITT.

CHAPTER I.—How Justice May Be Done.

"Mother, I am just discouraged!"

"Do not say that, my son. Remember that a stout heart will always prevail. Dark hours come into the lives of all of us. We must learn to bear with adversity."

"But it is very hard, mother," said Tom Train, despondently. "We have hardly enough food in the house to last us another day, and I am out of a job."

Mrs. Train, widow and sufferer from many ills, felt even a tremor in her brave, true heart, and her soft, blue eyes moistened as they saw the despair upon her boy's face. It was not for herself that she cared (what mother ever did?), but for her dear son, than whom the beautiful city of Montclair held not a better, nobler youth.

"It is hard," she reflected, with inward bitterness. It is hard that Tom should not have been left some small inheritance with which to start him in life. Oh, I care not for myself, for my days are but few in this world of sorrow, but I would that my brave, honest boy might prosper."

And thus her faithful, loving heart yearned for another's welfare, for another's prosperity with an unselfish love—with never a thought for herself. Ah! discouraged Tom Train. Little you realize how fortunate you really are in the possession of so true a friend, so faithful a comforter.

"Do you not think that an interview with Mr. Fair and a faithful explanation of all the circumstances will get you your job back again?"

"I fear not," replied handsome, athletic Tom Train, as he brushed and combed his black hair before a glass, which reflected a face perfect in contour and manly in expression. "You see, mother, old Berkeley Vincent is one of the directors of the road. Harvey Hale is his nephew, and, of course, old Vincent would influence Mr. Fair."

"It is unfortunate that you should have had trouble with Harvey Hale. He is a very high-tempered and evil young fellow."

"Well, you see the trouble was just this: Hale hates me because Edith Fair danced with me at the engineers' ball in preference to him. He regards me as a rival, for I think he is trying to catch Edith. But she just hates him, and I know it. Well, he has had it in for me ever since. He got square yesterday, I must admit. I was at my post on switch engine Number Four, and was switching some cars in the yard, when young Hale came out. He wanted to go to the Y, and in an authoritative way jumped into the cab and ordered me to take him down.

"I told him respectfully that my engine was a switcher, and that Mr. Fair had ordered me to side-track those cars. I could not undertake to carry passengers. That made him mad, and he told me that if I didn't take him down to the Y he would have me discharged.

"I knew that there were cars blocking the main line. An express would be along in twenty minutes, and an accident was likely if they were not switched off. I tried to explain, but he insulted me by taking hold of the throttle and trying to start the engine. That roused my temper, and I grabbed him by the shoulder and hurled him to one side. He sprang upon me like a tiger. I had to defend myself, and I threw him out of the cab. One of his eyes was blackened with a blow from my fist, and he went away swearing vengeance. Just half an hour later old Vincent called me into the office and gave me my wages. I was discharged. I did not think that young Hale had any right to board my engine in the way he did."

"I cannot but see that you were in the right, my son," said Mrs. Train sympathetically. "But it was unfortunate that you had trouble with Harvey Hale."

"He did it on purpose to gain my discharge," cried Tom. "I am sure of it. Oh, I am foolish to lose heart, mother dear, but I do not know where to look for another job. But I was thinking to-day of Uncle Allan. Is he not a very wealthy man?"

"I have heard that he is a millionaire, my son."

"And he disregarded your letters for assistance," said Tom bitterly. "To be sure, he is three thousand miles from here in San Francisco, but he should be large-hearted enough to remember his brother's wife with at least a kindly word. Stingy old curmudgeon!"

Tom indignantly arose and walked the floor. Mrs. Train made no reply, being busy with her cooking.

"I can't seem to realize that I've lost my job," Tom declared moodily. "It was not right. I have not been used right."

"Indeed, Tom," said Mrs. Train confidently, "I feel sure that you will get it back again. Mr. Fair is a noble-hearted man, and he will take you back, I feel sure."

"If I was sure, I'd go and see him," declared Tom.

"Go, by all means, my son. You will win, I am sure."

"I will do it!" cried Tom resolutely. "Mother, if I succeed, I shall attribute it to your great luck and confidence."

Tom picked up his hat and started for the door. The next moment he was in the open air and hurrying toward the depot. Tom Train was well known and a popular young fellow in Montclair. As he went on he met many acquaintances, and received pleasant nods right and left. Very soon he came to the depot and reached the platform. It was his intention to go at once to Mr. Fair's office. But just at that moment a train was entering the station, and an incident occurred which did much to alter the whole after tenor of Tom Train's life. The train was an express, and was slowing speed. A group of ladies stood upon the platform engaged in conversation. One of these had been accompanied by a little girl of some six years of age. The mother being engrossed in conversation, had not noticed the fact that her darling had wandered close to the platform's edge. The child did not see the incoming train. Something on the track attracted her attention, and she sprang down and directly in the path of the iron horse.

A loud shriek of agony was heard. The mother had turned and seen the peril of her child. But it was impossible for her to reach it in time. Every person in the depot saw the position of the child. Stout men stood stupefied and unable to act. The engineer had jammed down his lever and tried to reverse his locomotive, but it could not be done in time. Tom Train saw this all in a flash of time—in an infinitesimal second, as it were. To think was to act. The spectators saw a lithe form cross the station platform, down between the rails he sprang, and the child was pushed from the track just in the nick of time. By the merest hair's-breadth, Tom Train escaped the pilot of the locomotive. But he escaped it, and fell in a heap just off the deadly rails.

A wild cheer burst from half a hundred throats. People rushed down to the spot in the wildest excitement. Tom had gained his feet, and had picked the child up in his arms. In a moment more he had restored it to its frenzied mother.

"Good boy, Tom! Bravo!" were the cries which rewarded him; but Tom, with characteristic modesty, tried to push his way through the crowd and make his way to Mr. Fair's office. But the crowd thickened.

"That was a brave act! He ought to be rewarded! Give him three cheers!"

These were the excited cries, but suddenly Tom felt a touch upon his shoulder, and, turning, faced a short, genial-faced man, who had the appearance of a man of wealth and prominence.

"Tom Train, you are a hero. I saw you rescue that child, and you did well."

"Thank you, Mr. Fair," replied Tom, as he bowed before the railroad magnate, for he it was. "You do me too much honor."

"Not a bit of it, my lad," cried Mr. Fair heartily. "You ought to have promotion for that. Where are you going?"

"Indeed, sir, I was just on my way to see you," replied Tom.

"To see me?"

"Yes."

"But why are you not on your engine? Are you ill?"

"No, sir," replied Tom bluntly. "I have been discharged."

"Discharged?"

Mr. Fair's face was the mirror of amazement.

"Yes, sir," replied Tom.

"But what is that for? Who dared to do that?"

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Fair," said a cringing voice at Mr. Fair's elbow. "I think you may hold me responsible, sir, and when you have learned the facts, you will indorse my action, I am sure."

It was Berkeley Vincent, the white-haired, cringing general manager of the road. Mr. Fair looked at him with astonishment.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed. "I would like to know what right you had to turn Tom Train off, Vincent. Explain it!"

"Certainly, sir," said Vincent, bowing servilely. "I took the liberty in your absence. It was a severe case, sir. The young scoundrel maliciously assaulted my nephew, Harvey Hale, who, you know, is one of your most trusted and valuable clerks, sir, and pounded him savagely. He blackened his eye, sir. Was not that provocation enough?"

Mr. Fair looked at Tom. Then he smiled in a comprehensive way, and said:

"How did it happen, Tom?"

The boy engineer, reassured, replied:

"I was switching cars on the siding, sir, when Hale came down and demanded that I take him down to the Y. I told him that I was acting under your orders, and could not do it. He seized the throttle-valve, and was going to run the engine himself, when I took him by the shoulders and threw him off. I shouldn't wonder if I did blacken his eye."

Mr. Fair's eyes flashed.

"And you were discharged for that?" he cried. "Well, Vincent, you're a blockhead! Don't you see that Tom was doing his duty, and for Hale to meddle with him was a criminal offense? The track had to be cleared, and there might have been a collision if the express had come in. Any engineer on my road is justified in blacking both eyes of any senseless scamp who dares to board his engine and meddle with the throttle. Tom Train, it's a pity you didn't break his head. Go back to your post. I have full confidence in you. And, Vincent, warn your foolish nephew that if he dares to meddle with one of my engineers again he will be discharged."

Vincent slunk away, and Mr. Fair went to his office. It was a victory for Tom Train, but hatred, wrath, and vengeance were seething in the heart of Mr. Berkeley Vincent, and there was trouble ahead for the plucky boy engineer.

CHAPTER II.—Out With a Special.

Tom went back to the switcher and resumed his duties. All that afternoon he worked hard. When he went home at night he met his mother at the door. Mrs. Train knew from Tom's hopeful face that all was fixed right again. Her heart was gladdened.

"I'm all right, mother," cried Tom joyfully. "Mr. Fair said I did right, and I have got my job back."

"I am so glad of that, Tom," said Mrs. Train sincerely. "I knew that Mr. Fair would not be unjust with you."

"I was foolish to lose heart so easily," said Tom, and then he stopped. He saw by his mother's face that something unusual had occurred.

"I have received a letter from your Uncle Allan in San Francisco," replied Mrs. Train. "Here it is."

"A letter from Uncle Allan!" cried Tom gayly. "He doesn't say anything about helping us to a few thousands, does he? I suppose with his millions he would not feel it."

"You had better read the letter for an answer," said Mrs. Train.

Tom began at once to decipher the coarse, irregular handwriting. It took some time, but he finally managed to make out the following:

"Dear Mary:—I was glad to hear from my dear brother's wife, and am sorry that he left nothing for your boy to begin life with. But right here, dear woman, I would advise you not to send your boy to California to make his fortune. Times are hard here; things have changed. The gold fever has died out, and everything is on the decline.

"Yes, I'm a pretty rich man, and my money doesn't do me much good. I'm so crippled with rheumatism that I can't enjoy life. Perhaps I may die. If I do I'll try and remember you in my will. With best regards to my dear dead brother's wife, I am

"ALLAN TRAIN."

Tom puckered his lips into a whistle after reading this most remarkable epistle.

"Well, I never!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "I should say Uncle Allan was the prince of cranks. Did you ever read such a queer letter—and to a relative? Why, he isn't even civil—he doesn't ask you to write again! So he'll try and remember us in his will. Oh, I've no patience with such stingy old curmudgeons, mother, really I haven't."

"Hush, my boy!" said Mrs. Train. "Don't talk that way. Perhaps the poor man means well."

"Oh, that's just like your soft heart, mother. Well, all right. I can and will make my own way in the world. At least I'll ask no more help of Uncle Allan."

Then Tom fell to eating his supper and the subject dropped. The next morning Tom was at the roundhouse early. He had barely finished his duties in oiling when one of the office boys came in hastily and said:

"Tom Train, you're wanted in the office. Mr. Fair wants to see you."

"Ay, ay!" replied Tom, dropping his oiler and doffing his rough overalls. "I'll come right down."

Wondering not a little what Mr. Fair wished to see him about, Tom entered the magnate's office.

"Good-morning, Tom," said Mr. Fair pleasantly. "Sit down."

Tom sank into a chair.

"I will be brief, my boy," said Mr. Fair pleasantly. "I have a proposition to make to you."

"Very well, sir," replied Tom.

"Of course, you are a little young to put on the main line as yet, but I'm going to give you a trial. I have a party of friends from the East who want to go over the line to-day, and I want a special train. Now, I am going to let you take us out. You are familiar with the road, are you not?"

"Perfectly," replied Tom eagerly. "When I was with old Joe Nichols I used to run the locomotive half the time."

"Very well. Now I shall expect you to show some good speed in good places. Bring your train up to the platform at ten o'clock."

"All right, sir," replied Tm. "What locomotive shall I take?"

"You might take Old Fifty."

Tom knew that this was the crack engine of the line. His brain whirled with the prospect. He bowed himself out as quickly as possible, and went at once down to the round-house. There he met Wilson Cox, a broad-shouldered fellow, who was the striker on Number Fifty.

"Hello, Tom Train!" cried Cox, in a friendly manner. "Glad to see ye. What's up now?"

"The old man has directed me to take out your locomotive," replied Tom.

The president or manager of a railroad is generally dubbed by the employees the "old man." No disrespect is ever intended, however, by this appellation. Joe Haines, the erstwhile driver of Number Fifty, had been deposed from his position on account of defective eyesight. This had left the crack locomotive without a master. There were many an old engineer on the line who would have liked to have stepped onto the cab of Number Fifty. Therefore, Wilson Cox was not a little surprised when Tom presented himself thus.

"You?" exclaimed the genial stoker, in amazement. "Whew! you're a lucky boy, Tom Train. Why, there's many an old timer on this road would like Old Fifty!"

"I doubt not," replied Tom. "But it is Mr. Fair's orders."

"Well, I'm mighty glad to have ye fer a partner, Tom. But I must own it's quite a promotion from a switcher up to the first engine on the line."

"Let there be no misunderstanding," said Tom. "I am not sure that I am to retain the position permanently. But Mr. Fair has directed me to have a special ready just as quickly as I can. If you will fire up, Wilson, we'll go down to the yard and get the president's car."

"All right, partner," cried Cox, springing into the cab. "I'll be ready in a jiffy."

With the long poker Cox raked out the fire and threw in great quantities of coal until the furnace roared. Then Tom opened the throttle and ran the magnificent locomotive out into the siding. Down to the car-house he ran, and hitched onto the private car of Mr. Fair. As Tom ran the special into the big depot he was justified in a thrill of pride. It seemed to him at that moment the prime ambition of his life to become the driver of such a fine engine as Old Fifty. Mr. Fair came out of his office with four gentlemen of distinguished bearing. As he passed by

the cab of the locomotive he looked up and nodded pleasantly to Tom.

Instructions had been given the operator to wire all stations ahead for a clear track. The morning express was to wait at Waybridge for the special to pass. Thus a clear track was believed to be assured. At length the starting gong rang. Tom opened the throttle, and the locomotive started ahead with an easy movement. Soon they were gliding swiftly over the switches, and in a short while the main track lay ahead, and Tom opened the throttle wide and let Old Fifty out for a fast run. Like a bird of passage the mighty iron horse fled on over the steel rails. Up grade and down, around curves and over bridges, the special sped at lightning speed.

The novelty and the exhilaration of the moment were refreshing to Tom, who sat in the cab window and watched the track ahead. It was a magnificent run that Old Fifty was making. Whatever success the locomotive's past drivers may have had with her, she was certainly behaving herself well with the new one. Tom handled the crack locomotive like an old-timer, and Wilson Cox, who had been watching him narrowly, muttered:

"I reckon that's wonderful! He's sartinly a born engineer."

Station after station was passed, and Tom knew that he was nearing Waybridge. It was at this station that the express was to be sidetracked. As there was no possibility of seeing the switch signal at Waybridge in time, owing to the long curve just before the station was reached, Tom had been instructed to whistle for a clear track.

There was some little risk in the matter. The express might be a little late, but if she was on time and sidetracked at Waybridge, she would answer the whistle. They were now barely two miles from Waybridge. The train was running a forty-mile clip, and in a few seconds would be upon the long curve. The track at this point was a heavy up-grade. Tom believed that a whistle could be heard at Waybridge, so he opened the valve. The whistle signal was given sharp and clear. Two—three—ten—twenty seconds elapsed, and no answer came back. Tom exchanged a surprised glance with Cox.

"I don't believe the express is there yet," he cried.

"It don't look like it," replied Cox.

"If so, they ought to answer."

Again Tom whistled, but still no answer came back. Tom's hand was upon the throttle-valve and the impulse was upon him to at once slacken speed. But a swift thought came into his mind. He turned a pale face to Cox.

"It must be all right, Wilson," he declared. "Of course, the operator at Waybridge has been warned to sidetrack the express."

"Of course," replied Wilson Cox readily. "You see, Tom, we've got here ahead of the express, that is all."

If this were true, Tom had no fears. He could go on to the station and wait for the express in safety. He opened the throttle wider, to give the train more speed. An impulse caused him to once more give the alarm whistle. They were now right on the curve. No sooner had they struck the curve than Tom heard the shriek of the replying whistle, and in that instant was nearly stricken down with horror as he saw the other locomotive appear at the top of the curve grade. The engineer of the express, probably owing to the direction of the wind and the intervening hills, had not heard the previous whistles. Owing to some horrible mistake, the express had not been sidetracked at Waybridge.

Tom, for a brief instant, was cold with horror. It was easy for him to see that the train could not be stopped at that distance. A collision was certain. But Tom Train was not thinking of himself. The precious freight of human lives aboard the train, and for which he was responsible, was what troubled him the most. But all in that one flash of time he saw, thought, and acted. "Cox!" he cried swiftly, "back to the platform. Throw open the couplings. Separate the train from us! It is an upgrade! Save yourself!"

Tom's words rang like clarion notes in the fireman's brain. He obeyed, he knew not why. Tom's hand was upon the whistle-valve. "Down brakes!" pealed out, and then there was a jarring, a swift shock, and the locomotive leaped ahead, leaving the train with parted couplings, and Tom, at his post, went on to meet the inevitable collision and give up his life in that moment to save others.

CHAPTER III.—The Railroad Wreck.

Wilson Cox was a man of rare quickness of perception. He had divined Tom's meaning in the flash of a second and had acted instantly. Back over the coal in the tender he sprang. Down he lowered himself, and now stood on the platform of the special car. Quick as a flash he threw back the coupling bar. The air-brake valves held a moment—just long enough to enable the brave fellow to spring back onto the tender. As Tom had declared, it was an upgrade, and the moment the couplings parted the train sagged. In a flash there was a wide space between the special car and the locomotive. The train lost momentum. Tom's gaze was turned backward, and not until some distance had been covered did he close the throttle. Brave Tom Train! To save the lives of those on board his own train he seemed likely to sacrifice his own. But to Tom's amazement he saw brave Wilson Cox coming down into the cab.

"Good God!" gasped Tom. "Why didn't you save your life, Wilson?"

"Do ye think I'd leave ye here to be killed alone?" returned the brave stoker. "If there's a smash, we'll go in together, Tom."

There was no time for more conversation. Down-grade came the express at full speed. One brief instant the startled engineer had been seen to close the throttle, and then the exprss was upon Old Fifty. The latter locomotive had lost some of its momentum, but not enough to be able to reverse speed. The crash was a most terrific one. In the twinkling of an eye, Old Fifty was reduced to a mass of wreckage, and the express was off the track, two cars were telescoped, and one of the worst railroad wrecks ever known on the M., N. & L. had happened.

Tom felt himself being hurled he knew not where. Then a stunning blow on the head made him insensible. When he came to, his head was supported by some one whom at first his filmy gaze did not recognize. But his eyes clearing, and aided by a familiar voice, he recognized Mr. Fair.

"Then you think he is not badly hurt, doctor?"

"Only stunned, sir. Apply the ammonia to the nostrils again. He will come to and be as bright as any of us in a few moments."

"Mr. Fair!" gasped Tom. "You are safe?"

"Safe!" cried the millionaire, in a choking voice. "God bless you, brave Tom Train! I owe you my life."

"He is the pluckiest man I ever seen hold a throttle," said another, whom Tom now recognized as Wilson Cox. "An' I'm mighty glad he didn't pass in his chips."

"Wilson!" cried Tom. "Then you were not killed?"

"Not much!" replied the brave stoker. "I fell into that bank of sand up there. I thought for a moment my neck was broken, but I'm all right now."

"But—but was nobody hurt?" asked Tom, rising to a sitting posture. But the question was answered as soon as he looked about him.

The wreck of the train lay in the ditch. Old Fifty had been utterly demolished. Tom understood that he had escaped by a miracle. But the other locomotive had turned upon its side and was badly smashed. The engineer had been taken out dead, and the fireman was badly hurt. One hundred passengers had been aboard the express. Of these, five had been killed outright, and nearly all had failed to escape without some serious bruises.

It was a frightful wreck, and would have been worse but for the plucky act of Tom Train and Wilson Cox. No one was more sensible of this fact than Mr. Fair. The special car had been stopped by the conductor by setting a rear brake. For the time being everybody was occupied with the care of the wounded. Word had been sent to a town near, and a couple of doctors soon arrived. Then a telegram from Waybridge brought a special relief train from Montclair. By this time Tom was able to walk about and make himself of use in caring for the injured. The dead and wounded were placed aboard the relief train and sent back to Montclair. In that city the excitement was most intense. A great crowd was at the station, and the bereaved ones were waiting for the bodies of their dead friends. Newspapers were already being hawked about the streets giving details of the wreck. The account dwelt strongly on the pluck of Tom Train and his mate. In an instant Tom Train was made the hero of the hour.

But the question was now asked, who was to blame for the blunder in not holding the express over at Waybridge? As soon as the relief train had arrived, Mr. Fair started and walked down to Waybridge. Here he called the station agent there to severe account. The man, whose name was Bishop, expressed his horror at the result, and said:

"My God! I never dreamed of such a thing. I acted under orders."

"What!" thundered the railroad magnate. "Did you not get a message from Montclair to hold the express?"

"I did."

"Why—then how can you account for your culpable negligence?"

"I received a message half an hour later to countermand that order and to let the express go on."

Mr. Fair was thunderstruck. Bishop proved his statement by the operator and the paper upon which the message was received.

"Great heavens!" gasped the magnate. "Can it be possible that Vincent did not know better than to send such a message? Perhaps he did not send it. But if not, who did?"

Later in the day the track was cleared, and then Mr. Fair and Tom and Wilson Cox went back to Montclair on a special. A mighty crowd greeted them at the depot, and they were cheered like a band of conquering heroes. Tom's face burned with the warmth of the reception. Certainly he was regarded as the hero of the hour. Mr. Fair alighted from the train and went at once into the office. There was a grave expression upon his face as he met Berkeley Vincent at the door.

"Well, Mr. Fair, you don't know how relieved we were when we heard that you were safe," declared Vincent suavely. "However did the affair happen? Didn't Bishop have sense enough to hold the express?"

"It was not Bishop's fault!" cried Mr. Fair sternly. "It was yours, sir!"

"Mine?" gasped Vincent, aghast.

"Yes, sir; the message countermanding the order to hold the express came from this office."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Fair," declared the operator, arising from his seat. "No such message has been sent from this office to-day."

"But I have seen the message. It was certainly received at Waybridge."

"Well, it never came from here," stoutly averred the operator. "I have not left this seat since you went away."

Mr. Fair knew that the operator was a young man of integrity. He spoke with the conviction of truth, as well.

"Well!" he exclaimed in amazement. "How in thunder is the thing to be explained?"

Silence reigned a moment.

"I think I have a theory, sir," declared the operator finally. "The special had not been gone long when I tried to call up Middleton, the first station. The wire would not work."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Fair, with a start.

"After a time, however, it worked all right."

Mr. Fair arose and crossed the room to the ticker. He sounded the key, and then said, in a tense voice:

"Did you think that the wire might have been tapped at about that time?"

"It occurred to me that it might have been tapped between here and Middleton," replied the operator.

Mr. Fair took a sweeping view of the office.

"Where is Harvey Hale?" he asked sharply.

"My nephew asked for a day off," replied Berkeley Vincent quickly and nervously. "He was a trifle indisposed."

Mr. Fair went to his desk and seated himself in his revolving chair. He was silent a moment, and then in a constrained voice said:

"I have only to say that somebody is guilty of a most heinous crime. Whoever tapped that wire evidently wished to terminate the existence of some one who had incurred his hatred and who was aboard one or the other of those trains. I have only to say further that, if I spend every dollar of the road's money, this affair is going to be sifted to the bottom, and the murderer shall be punished."

Berkeley Vincent went to his desk. No comment was made further by any in the office, and the matter was dropped. But Vincent's face was deadly pale. He knew full well what import there was in Mr. Fair's words. A few moments later Mr. Fair went out to take dinner. It was in the edge of the evening, and just as he reached the sidewalk a carriage drove up. A beautiful young girl, pale and distraught, leaped out. In a moment she was in Mr. Fair's arms.

"Oh, papa!" cried Edith Fair, for she it was. "I am so glad you are safe. Oh, you cannot know how overcome I was when they told me of the accident not ten minutes ago. I at once had James drive me hither to make sure with my own eyes that you were not hurt."

"My dear daughter," replied Mr. Fair, embracing her, "God spared my life. Through the bravery of Tom Train I escaped injury."

"Tom Train is a noble fellow," cried Edith, with sparkling eyes. "I hope you will promote him, father."

"I certanly will," replied the millionaire warmly.

After some further talk, Edith returned to her carriage and was driven home, Mr. Fair agreeing to come later. After partaking of dinner at a restaurant near, he returned to the office. He was followed by two men, one of whom displayed a star upon his breast.

"I am Detective Mason," he said briefly. "I have a warrant sworn out by passengers aboard the wrecked train for the arrest of Lucius Lamont, your telegraph operator."

Lucius Lamont, the operator whom Mr. Fair had placed implicit confidence in, gave a gasping cry and fell forward in a faint. It was an exciting moment.

CHAPTER IV.—Committed Without Bail.

At this same moment Tom Train had entered the office by another door and saw the occurrence. Tom knew Lamont well, and regarded him as a warm friend and an honest fellow.

"He has fainted!" exclaimed Mr. Fair. Then Tom sprang past him and dashed some cold water in Lamont's face. The operator revived.

"Oh, God!" he exclaimed, staggering to his feet. "You do not mean to arrest me? I am an innocent man!"

"We cannot help that," said the detective, in a voice of steel. "We must do our duty. You are my prisoner."

The man of law slipped manacles upon Lamont's wrists.

"God help my poor aged mother!" said Lamont brokenly. "This disgrace will kill her. I care not for myself, gentlemen."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Fair quietly, "I do not think Mr. Lamont is guilty. Is there not some mistake?"

"No, sir," replied the detective shortly. "The warrant was sworn out by several of the passengers on that train. They believe that nobody else could have sent that second message."

"You may rest assured Lucius Lamont never sent that fatal message!" cried Tom, in a ringing voice.

"Perhaps you can tell who did?" sneered the detective.

"I will not rest until I have ferreted the miscreant out," declared Tom boldly. "Be brave, Lucius. You are innocent, and we will clear you. Mr. Fair does not believe you guilty."

"No," declared the magnate. "I wish to give bail for Mr. Lamont."

"You will have to see the justice about that," said the detective.

"All right!" cried Mr. Fair. "Call my carriage. I will go to Justice Gray and give bonds for this young man's release."

All this while Berkeley Vincent had remained speechless at his desk. Poor Lamont was led from the room. When he had gone Vincent turned and said harshly:

"I hope you don't believe that cock-and-bull story about the wires being tapped? I tell you Lamont is guilty."

"There is a difference of opinion on that subject," retorted Mr. Fair dryly. "I can promise you one thing, Vincent, this matter is going to be probed to the very bottom, and the evil-doer shall suffer."

A dangerous light shone in Berkeley Vincent's hard gray eyes. His brow contracted into a savage frown, and he muttered under his breath ominously:

"We shall see about that."

Mr. Fair passed from the office now, as his carriage had arrived, and from the depot he was driven to the court of Justice Gray. Lucius Lamont had been incarcerated in a cell at the police station. As Mr. Fair entered, he saw the unfortunate operator behind the bars.

"Oh, Mr. Fair," said Lucius brokenly, "will you do me the favor to see my poor mother and tell her I am innocent? Before God, it is the truth!"

"Lamont," said Mr. Fair firmly, "have no fears. I do not believe you guilty, and I will see your mother as you request. I will also see that she is well cared for until I can procure bail for you. But perhaps I can secure your immediate release."

"Thank you, sir," replied Lamont tearfully. "Oh, you are a kind and good man, Mr. Fair. Believe me, that rascal Harvey Hale is at the bottom of all the trouble."

"We shall see."

Mr. Fair passed into the office of the police justice. The latter, a white-haired, patrician old man, sat at a desk, and near by stood the detective and the chief of police, both of whom had been giving the justice a story of the guilt of Lucius Lamont. There was a shocked expression upon the face of the kindly Justice Gray as he listened to the fearful narrative of the operator's guilt. He looked up, however, with a pleas-

ant smile of welcome as Mr. Fair appeared, and offered his hand.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Fair," he said. "What a shocking affair this is. I presume you have come to make complaint against this miscreant?"

"If you mean Lucius Lamont," said Mr. Fair decidedly, "I have come to offer bail for his release."

"What!" exclaimed the justice, in complete amazement.

"I trust that your honor will grant it."

"But—what does this mean?" exclaimed the police justice in bewilderment. "This man is an offender of the law—he has willfully wrecked a train on your railroad."

"But I do not believe that," said Mr. Fair firmly. "Neither shall I believe it until satisfactory evidence is furnished."

"But the complaint is all in legal form, and well backed by presumably good evidence," said the justice.

"I don't care for that. Will you admit Mr. Lamont to bail? I am willing to give bonds to any amount."

The justice was silent for a moment. Then he re-read the charges against the prisoner.

"It is the most heinous offense under the law," he said finally. "It is murder in the first degree, if proved. Under these circumstances I have no right to accept any sum for bail. The prisoner must be held for trial without bonds."

"But——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Fair, I cannot exceed the limitations of the statute."

This was decisive, and Mr. Fair turned to the door.

"I believe this young man has been wronged," he said, in going. "At least I shall leave no stone unturned to learn the truth."

Returning to his carriage, Mr. Fair was driven to his home. As he entered, he met Edith, his beautiful daughter, who at once threw her soft arms about his neck and greeted him warmly.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed. "You don't know how glad I am that harm did not overtake you in that terrible accident. And it was all owing to Tom Train. Is he not a real hero?"

"Tom Train is a noble young man," declared Mr. Fair. "I owe my life to his bravery. But, alas! an innocent young man has been charged with the crime of wrecking the train, and I fear will be made to suffer for it."

"What do you mean?" asked Edith, in deep surprise.

Mr. Fair recited the episode of Lamont's arrest in the office. Edith listened with horror.

"Impossible!" she cried, stamping her little foot. "Lucius Lamont is one of the nicest young men in Montclair. He would never do such a thing. It is not true."

Her gloriously beautiful eyes flashed and her face flushed with the excitement of the moment. Surely Lucius Lamont had one fearless and lovely champion.

"I quite agree with you, my daughter," declared Mr. Fair. "Yet the fact remains that Lucius has been arrested, and is held for trial."

"It is a villainous scheme!" asserted Edith positively. "You speak of the likelihood of some one tapping the wires. I believe that is a correct explanation."

"So do I," agreed Mr. Fair. "Well, detectives are upon the case, and I hope we shall soon learn who the guilty party is."

"Have you any suspicion?" asked Edith, looking at her father searchingly.

The magnate was silent a moment. Then he made reply:

"Some singular premonition has led me to think of Harvey Hale."

"And I have thought the same," declared Edith, with conviction. "I believe Berkeley Vincent's nephew to be a young rascal."

"Yet it would be a serious thing for a young man like him to be found guilty of."

"True; yet he seems the only one who had provocation."

"Ah! what do you think it was?"

"Plainly his hatred for Tom Train. A despicable motive of revenge for the thrashing Tom gave him."

"That may be the solution."

"I distrust Harvey Hale," said Mr. Fair firmly. "I am decided to discharge him at once. I am surprised to think that Vincent should defend the graceless young scamp."

Edith looked penetratingly at her father. She was a girl of more than ordinary powers of penetration. Father and daughter were deep in each other's confidence, and Edith was deeply interested and well conversant with Mr. Fair's business.

"Father," she said impressively, "I cannot make up my mind to put trust in that man, Berkeley Vincent. He is to me a cold, slimy serpent. I distrust him."

Mr. Fair gave a violent start, and turned a shade paler.

"Tut, tut, child," he said nervously. "We must not believe that. Thus far Vincent has professed to be the soul of honor."

Edith arose and drew herself up.

"Professed!" she exclaimed, with scathing emphasis. "That is well said. I have no faith in the man whatever."

Before Mr. Fair could speak further, a servant entered with a card. As the magnate glanced at it he gave a violent start, and Edith looked astonished. The name upon the card was that of Harvey Hale.

"What does he want?" exclaimed the magnate in surprise. "This is very odd."

"Rather ask how does it happen that he has the bold face to come here," said Edith curtly. "But I presume it will be necessary for me to withdraw."

She made her exit by a side door, and a moment later the servant ushered the visitor in. It was Harvey Hale, with a mock, cynical smile upon his thin lips, and a snaky glitter in his restless eyes. Mr. Fair arose with dignity and stood awaiting his visitor's speech.

Hale bowed in a suave manner and said:

"I have called to see you upon an important matter, Mr. Fair. I will be brief. I have heard to my deep surprise and pain that you have intimated the possibility of my being connected with the railroad wreck. I have come to correct that impression."

"Ah!" said Mr. Fair coldly.

"My uncle, Berkeley Vincent, has told me of your unkind suspicions."

"He must have overheard my talk with Tom Train," thought the railroad president. Then aloud:

"Proceed, sir!"

"I wish to say, sir, that as far as I can learn your theory is unjust and unfounded."

"You will acknowledge that you have a deadly hatred for Tom Train," said Mr. Fair.

"What has that to do with this matter?" asked the young villain.

"It furnishes a motive. To kill Tom Train, you seek to wreck the train."

Lightning leaped from Hale's eyes.

"Take care! Do not make an accusation you cannot prove!" he declared.

"Time will tell whether it is proved or not," said Mr. Fair coldly. "If this is all, pray excuse me. If not——"

"It is not all!" said Hale, in a manner of insinuation. "I wish to inform you now that your accusation is utterly false, and I have the necessary proof in my possession. I can prove an alibi. Is not that sufficient?"

"I have nothing further to say on the subject," said Mr. Fair frigidly. "Pray leave me."

Hale bowed and turned to the door. But the magnate. with sudden thought, said:

"One moment, Hale."

"Well, sir?"

"I have found a man to take your place in the office after to-day."

Hale's face turned black as night.

"What!" he exclaimed, in astonishment and anger. "You mean to discharge me?"

"That is it, exactly."

"But—upon what grounds?"

"We will not discuss this matter further. From this moment you are no longer in the employ of my railroad."

Hale stood for a moment quivering like an aspen. There was a positively murderous light in his eyes, and he bent forward and hissed in Mr. Fair's ear:

"Bah! you cannot displace me so easily. You could not discharge my uncle, Berkeley Vincent, and you dare not discharge me. You know well the reason why."

CHAPTER V.—A Villain's Insults.

Mr. Fair started as though stabbed with a knife. There was a significance in the villain's words which he well understood, and which caused him to turn deadly pale. With an effort he exclaimed:

"W-what do you mean?"

Hale laughed sardonically.

"You know well enough what I mean," he said coolly. "Uncle Berkeley is in that White Hill mining scheme, and if the stock goes up, all well and good. If it goes down—and Uncle Berkeley could put it down—what becomes of you and your road?"

Hale laughed scornfully and with insulting manner. Mr. Fair sat quite still, but in a state bordering upon the nightmare. He was faint and weak with horror.

"So you see, my dear sir," said Hale, with impudent emphasis, "it will hardly do for you to turn me off and displease Uncle Berkeley. It might not accrue to your advantage to do that. As for me, I am willing to bury the hatchet and say let us have peace."

Hale sat down in a chair, crossed his lathy legs and lit a cigarette. There was a powerful and almost overwhelming sense of disgust and aversion seething in the railway magnate's breast for the young scoundrel. He longed to exercise his just prerogative, and get up and beat the insulting miscreant out of his house. But some motive he could not fathom held him in restraint.

Two years previous, Vincent, in whom Mr. Fair had reposed unlimited faith, had exerted his influence upon the magnate's generosity and induced him to furnish capital for the opening up of the White Hill mines. Vincent had promised faithful repaying of the debt, and had been sanguine of a fortune in a very short time. Mr. Fair had not even taken the trouble to look into the value of the mine, or its qualities. Time went on, and it was found that more capital was needed to develop the vast treasure there held in trust by nature. Unsuspectingly Mr. Fair continued to indorse paper for Vincent. At last, however, he began to wax suspicious, and having to meet one protested note of large amount, he had a stormy interview with Vincent. The latter swore good faith, and claimed that every one of his notes would be paid at maturity. In spite of this, Mr. Fair had felt uneasy of late, for the was aghast upon investigation to discover that he had foolishly been led into signing enough paper to actually place the M., N. & L. Railroad in the receiver's hands.

He had trusted to Vincent's honesty, and now a horrible suspicion had begun to prey upon him that it was all a villainous beat game of the manager of the railroad. As it was, the words of Harvey Hale seemed to confirm these dread suspicions, and he realized with utter horror that he had foolishly placed himself wholly in the power of Vincent. A cold sweat broke out upon him. Hale was too shrewd a villain not to fathom the emotions of the magnate and he was evilly triumphant thereat.

"If Mr. Vincent has imparted to you any of our private affairs," said Mr. Fair sternly, "he has committed a breach of friendship."

"I have not specified the manner in which I obtained the news," said Hale coolly. "But I am not a fool. Now, Mr. Fair, let us compromise. Let us be friends. I have a just and equitable proposition to make."

"A proposition!" said the magnate vaguely.

"Yes, sir. Now I can work greatly to your advantage. I will stick to you through thick and thin. But I must ask that you grant me one favor. A year ago I asked you for Edith's hand. You refused then, in a very kindly manner, saying that Edith should judge for herself when she got older. She is older, and——"

Hale ceased speaking. He was even alarmed at the attitude now assumed by Mr. Fair. The magnate's eyes literally blazed with fury. He arose and touched an electric button.

"Harvey Hale," he said in tones of bitter earnestness, "don't dare to insult me further, or I shall forget that I am a gentleman, and horsewhip you! Never mention this subject—never darken my door again. I would see my daughter in her grave before I would consent to her marriage to you."

At this moment the servant appeared.

"Show this man the door."

Hale rose politely, and with a sardonic smile, the attitude of the victor, he said quietly:

"The next time we discuss this subject, I hope to find you in a more reasoning frame of mind, sir. Good-day."

The door closed behind him. Mr. Fair stood like a statue for a moment, and then, with wrath-hued face and shaking voice, said:

"My God! what have I done? Unless Vincent pays those notes, unless the stock he has floated yields large returns, I am a ruined man. Ruined, my God! ruined by my own simplicity and folly!"

With a deep groan he sat down to the desk and took from one of the pigeon-holes various papers. Over these he pored. Darkness came and found him still there. The evening passed and he did not arise. To an inquiring servant he replied that he would do without dinner. Midnight came, and it was near the dark hours of morning when he at length quit the desk to snatch a brief spell of slumber. As he passed from the library his features as reflected in a mirror were haggard and wan, and showed suffering of mind. James Fair, the millionaire, and owner of the M. N. & L., was truly confronted with the hideous and frightful possibility of financial ruin. It was not a position conducive to peace of mind or happiness. The same affliction has driven men mad. It had left an indelible imprint upon both the mind and physique of the philanthropic millionaire.

Upon leaving the room, Edith Fair had gone at once to her chamber. There her maid awaited her, and she began making her toilet for an evening out at the theater. Later she went down to dinner. When the servant informed her that her father was busy in the library and would not come down, she did not give the matter particular notice, for the magnate had often remained away from dinner upon the same excuse. A couple of hours later she was dressed for the play and the carriage was at the door. Edith always went to the theater unattended, going and coming in her own carriage. Gentlemen escorts were plenty but she was not given to indulgence. Rather an eccentric idea some lady reader may say, but certainly Edith was mistress of her own desires, and none had right to complain. As the daughter of the richest man in Montclair, any eccentricity would be sure to pass notice as correct enough, for nobody would ever think of such a thing as criticising Miss Edith Fair.

As Edith stepped into the carriage she imagined that James, the coachman, acted a little queer. He was a faithful enough man, but sometimes given to drink. However, she made no comment, and was driven to the theater. She enjoyed the play, and after it was finished waited for James to appear and escort her to the carriage. The people all filed out, and soon she was the only lady left in the lobby, and naturally felt uneasy and vexed at the delay. Every moment seemed an age to her in her uneasy frame of mind. At length she descended to the door.

"Looking for somebody, lady?" asked a policeman.

"I am looking for James Mahone, my driver," she replied.

"What! Jimmie Mahone, what drives for Mr. Fair?"

"Yes."

"Sorry, mum, but the hosses got away from Jimmie, an he's in the hospital this minute with a broken arm."

Edith was shocked with the news. James had been drunk then, after all. But why had not some one else come after her? Perhaps they did not know of the smash-up at the house. Here was a quandary. At that late hour it would be difficult to find a public carriage on the street. Edith did not feel inclined to wait for one, either. She was a girl of pluck, and ready to cope with an emergency.

"It's not a very great ways home," she thought. "I can walk it, and I will."

With her mind made up to this, she left the theater. The streets were lonely and deserted. Even the night watchmen seemed off duty that night, and the street lamps were hardly able to dispel the dense gloom save in limited spaces. As she walked on briskly, Edith could not help but feel a trifle nervous in spite of her bravery. Any of the dark shadows might hold a lurking villain. She wore costly diamonds, and this was temptation enough. But she kept on bravely. A chill swept over her, however, as she heard a footstep in her rear. A tall form came up hastily behind her. She heard a low chuckle, and impressed with a sense of fear, she turned.

"What do you want?" she asked sharply.

"Edith—Miss Fair," said a hoarse vaice. "I am delighted. I will see you safely home, for I have a very important question to ask you."

It was Harvey Hale. Edith recoiled as from a serpent.

"Pardon me!" she said coldly. "I require no escort."

"Nonsense!" laughed Hale. "It is not safe for you to travel at this late hour alone. I insist upon seeing you home."

"And I refuse your services," said Edith bluntly. "Is not that enough?"

"But I insist."

The villain placed himself in her path. She made an effort to pass, but he seized her by the shoulder and forced her back almost rudely.

"Villain! do you mean to insult me?"

"Easy, my pretty bird!" said Hale insinuatingly. "It is useless for you to flutter. I must and will talk with you. I have seen your father, and I do not think that he or you will now dare to refuse to listen to my offer of marriage."

Edith was beside herself with a species of desperation, loathing, and aversion for this unscrupulous villain.

"Will you let me pass? I will scream for help. You shall suffer for this insult, Harvey Hale!"

"No, I will not let you pass," declared the villain coolly. "I mean to conquer you, and I will do it!"

Edith was just about to scream for assistance, when it came. A footstep sounded in her rear, and a lithe form sprang forward.

"Unhand the lady, you wretch!"

The next moment Harvey Hale went to the ground before a tremendous blow between the eyes. For a moment he felt as if he had been kicked by a horse, but he was quickly upon his feet, and drew a revolver.

CHAPTER VI.—To Save Human Life.

Murder was in the heart of Edith's cowardly persecutor. He had recognized her champion at once. It was no other than Tom Train. One of the engineer brotherhood was seriously ill, and Tom had been taking his turn sitting up with him, which explained his presence on the street at this late hour. He was just making his way home when fate brought him to this spot just in time to champion the defenseless victim of Hale's importunities. The revolver in Hale's hand might have ended the career of the young engineer then and there. But fortunately Tom saw the move just in time. Catching the gleam of the pistol barrel, he sprang forward and clutched the Villain's wrist. The weapon exploded, but the bullet was spent in air.

"Coward!" cried Tom in a ringing voice. "I've a mind to pound you to a jelly for this."

"Curse you, Tom Train!" gritted the villain. "I'll have your life for this!"

He broke loose, and dropping the revolver, made a rush at Tom, using his fists. But the young engineer was an adept boxer and had muscles of steel. It was only an easy matter for him to meet the villain half way, and with a few skillful parries he promptly knocked him down again. This time Hale got upon his feet more slowly.

"Have you had enough?" replied Tom, sharply. "I'd advise you to get out of the way before an officer comes."

Hale realized that it would not be a pleasant thing to be found in his present position. A policeman's alarm was heard down the street. He did not tarry.

"I'll come square with you for this, Tom Train," he gritted, savagely. "This is not the end."

Then he slunk away into the gloom. Tom turned to Edith and lifted his hat.

"This is a surprise, Miss Fair," he said. "Surely that man was not acting as your escort?"

"No," replied Edith, indignantly. "He dared to insult me because I was alone and unprotected."

"What!" exclaimed Tom, in amazement. "Have you no escort? Surely, at this hour of the night, it is hardly safe for a young lady to be out alone."

"I know that, Tom," replied Edith, "but give me time, and I will explain."

Then she told of her experience at the theater. Tom listened with interest.

"That was unfortunate, indeed," he said. "Perhaps you will accept of my humble services, Miss Edith?"

"With pleasure," replied the magnate's daughter. "I don't think I shall ever dare venture out alone again."

At the moment two officers came up. Tom explained to them that the young lady had been insulted by a villain, but did not give Hale's name. Then, offering Edith his arm, they started homeward. Now that the excitement was over, Edith's fears were quieted, and she enjoyed the walk home much. She had always taken a deep interest in Tom Train, but until now had never been offered an opportunity to become well acquainted. She was gratified with his gallantry and fine air of breeding, which was as natural to him as could be. She was bound to admit that she had never met a young man in her life whom she was so deeply interested in.

On the other hand, Tom was charmed with the magnate's beautiful daughter. When at last the house was reached, and she had gone from his sight, it seemed like the unwelcome dispelling of a beautiful dream. He turned his steps homeward like one in a trance. and that night visions of Edith Fair mingled with his dreams. Early the next morning Tom went down to the round-house and cleaned up his locomotive with the help of a couple of oilers. Then he went down to the depot. Hardly had he struck the platform when Mr. Fair and the telegraph operator rushed out in wild excitement. Mr. Fair's gaze lit upon Tom at once.

"Tom Train!" he gasped, "you are just the man I want. You can save the day. News has just been received that the dam at High Valley is giving way. If it does and the inhabitants of Newton are not warned, they will be swept into eternity by the flood."

For a moment Tom Train stood spellbound. He knew that Newton was on the M., N. & L., but it was a small place, and the telegraph operator was only at his post at train hours. It would be an hour before word could be got to him, and then it might be too late. He knew that the dam at High Valley held back a mighty lake, which sweeping through the valley, would engulf Newton completely. The railroad for twenty miles ran through this valley. Tom turned white as a sheet.

"My soul!" he gasped. "Do you mean for me to save them, Mr. Fair?"

"If you can. I know you will and can do it, Tom. You are the only man who can. Take the best locomotive—the track is clear—warn them in time if you can."

Tom needed no second bidding. He was but a few seconds in reaching the round-house. A new engine had been purchased and numbered Fifty. Number Fifty was puffing on the turntable. He shouted to Wilson Cox, who was quick in following him into the cab. The switches were thrown open, and then Tom let her out for all she was worth. Out of Montclair fled the train, and soon was upon the long grades flying toward Waybridge. Just beyond Waybridge High Valley was reached. From the railroad track a good view of the dam at the upper end of the valley could be had, by looking up to the right as the curve was turned which brought the train into the valley. Tom saw that a large torrent of water was pouring down, and that the dam was

every moment giving way. Already as far as the eye could reach the water was rising above the railroad embankment. No time was to be lost.

"Wilson," said Tom, turning to his brave stoker, "put on more coal. Let the furnace blow. We must have more steam."

"All right," responded the stoker, cheerily, as he seized his long poker and began raking the fire. "I reckon we'll have a close run, Tom."

"It looks like it," replied Tom, as he opened the throttle wider.

"But Fifty is good for it, you can bet your dollars," declared Cox.

"We'll make it or die," averred Tom, resolutely.

On fled the locomotive with increasing speed. Nothing could be seen of the rails as the water covered them. A perfect cloud of spray was hurled many feet into the air by the locomotive prow and wheels. It was like driving through a rainstorm. The waters were all about them, but Tom believed that they were outstripping the rapidly rising flood. Every moment the flood was outstripped, and suddenly, topping a grade, Tom saw a dry track ahead, and ten miles distant was Newton. Down the grade to Newton the train flew. Less than ten minutes made the run, and the locomotive drew up in the station. A crowd of people were on the platform. The station agent was just coming from his office, astonished at the appearance of the special. But Tom leaned out of the cab and shouted:

"Give the alarm! Run for your lives. The dam at High Valley is giving way and you will all be drowned."

"My heavens! You don't mean it!" cried the startled station agent.

"Yes, I do. Go, for your lives! Alarm the town. Go to the high land! Quick! You have not a moment to lose!"

In an instant all was a panic. Already the advance waters of the flood were seen coming down the track. The alarm was quickly given. It spread like wildfire, and as Newton was a small town, in less time than it takes to tell it the houses were vacated, and people were fleeing for their lives to the bluffs. Tom stood in the cab of the locomotive until he saw that the people were fairly safe. The advance waters were now two feet deep in the depot, and about the locomotive.

Tom had been loath to leave his engine, but now a cry from Wilson Cox caused him to spring forward and throw the throttle wide open. Glancing back of the track a mighty wall of water, full fifty feet high, was seen; the roar of many thunders was heard. To be overtaken meant death. But the locomotive was now flying ahead with fearful speed. The flood was close behind, and a neck and neck race was the order.

CHAPTER VII.—A Hero in the Eyes of All.

It is beyond the power of pen and tongue to describe the situation adequately. But never in his life before had Tom Train been brought to face more awful danger. Never before had he realized how fast a body of water could travel. Indeed, when he saw the mighty wall swooping down, he had fancied it an easy matter and exciting sport to outrun it. Then miles beyond the track left the valley and struck a high up-grade. The flood doubtless would go on down the valley. If the train could reach this grade all would be safe. But it immediately became a serious question as to whether it would succeed in doing so or not. The mighty wall of water was traveling very fast. Every moment it seemed likely to outstrip the train fleeing before it. Down the grade flew the train, now flying like a bird on the straightaway, then slacking to gracefully round a curve. It was a master hand at the throttle, and there was no daring chance not accepted by Tom Train. Surely engineer never had a more thrilling ride. Certain death was behind, uncertainty ahead.

It was a terrible sight to look back and see that mighty wall of water. Tom glanced back once, but after that he did not dare to trust himself to do it again. It was a sight to unnerve the stoutest man. Wilson Cox, the brave fireman, was at his post, and until now had made no comment. But with a peculiar expression upon his face he glanced at the deadly pursurer, and then said, coolly:

"Close call, mate. I reckon we'll make time, though."

"We must!" said Tom Train, in a determined way. "We have got to beat it."

The young engineer crowded on more steam, and the locomotive flew like a bird along the steel rails. Now water was fully a foot deep beneath the driving wheels of the locomotive. But just ahead was the curve and the grade. The curve was reached, and Number Fifty now felt the grade. The valley here turned at an angle, and around this the flood went. To be sure, the train was not entirely free from the flood. The water was fully two feet deep all about the train. But Tom knew that his life had been spared by a narrow and most fortunate chance. Up the grade shot the train, and soon was far beyond the volume of water and on dry rails.

Below, the flood thundered on down the valley, Of course, human life was certain to be lost, for there were stray dwellings below. But Tom by his heroism had saved the people of Newton. This was enough to crown him with glory. But now that the danger was past Tom's knees gave out, and he sank half fainting to the floor of the cab. But Wilson Cox was by his side in a moment.

"What's the matter, Tom, my boy?" cried the faithful fireman, anxiously, as he threw his arms about the young engineer, supporting him.

"It is nothing—I shall be all right in a moment," said Tom, faintly. "Only the strain was a little too much. I——"

But Cox sprang to a cooler in the tender and brought a dipper of water. This he moistened the young engineer's lips with, and it revived Tom very much.

"Thank you very much, Wilson," said Tom, gratefully, as he got upon his feet. "It is very kind of you. I am all right now."

"Waal," said the bluff fireman, sententiously. "I have fired with many a good man, but I'll say this to yer credit, Tom Train, that no man I ever

fired with could have handled this locomotive better than you did on this trip, an' I doubt if they could have done it as well."

"I thank you, Wilson," said Tom, gratefully. "I am afraid you do me too much credit."

"Not a bit of it, my hearty."

It was only an uncouth compliment from the lips of a common laboring man, yet Tom felt as deeply gratified as if it had been an encomium of praise from the highest possible source. The train had been brought to a stop. From the position on the high grade, the waters of the flood could be seen surging down the valley. But it could be seen that the flood was every moment subsiding. In a short time the valley would be free of water. Then with a clear track the train could return to Montclair.

The waters subsided rapidly as the reservoir emptied itself. At length the rails of the track were uncovered, and Tom felt that it would be safe to start on the return. Accordingly the engine was reversed, and the homeward trip was begun. At places obstructions had been deposited upon the track in the shape of logs and debris. But in each case Tom and Wilson succeeded in removing it by stopping the train and going forward with iron bars. In this manner they reached Newton. The station platform, yet dripping with the waters of the flood, was crowded, and as the train came in it was greeted with cheers. A great crowd surged about the locomotive cab, cheering Tom and his mate, and one man came forward with a purse of money. But Tom would not take it, making a strenuous refusal.

"I thank you kindly just the same," he said modestly, "but I do not deserve it. I have simply done my duty—nothing more."

With this he opened the throttle and started for Montclair. The train rolled out of Newton amid much cheering, the cars being crowded with people who desired to take a run up to Montclair. Between Newton and Waybridge a few obstructions were encountered which were easily removed. Then a clear track lay ahead, and Tom let the locomotive out to a fast clip.

In due time they reached Montclair. At that place Tom was treated to quite an ovation. After he had washed up he was approached by a rather seedy-looking man who asked Tom if he thought there was any chance for work. He mentioned the fact that Tom's father was an old friend of his: that they sort of chummed together out West.

Of course Tom was greatly interested in the man, and interceded with Mr. Fair for his benefit. Mr. Fair gave the man a position in the yard. The man gave Tom his name as Jerry Bainbridge. Mrs. Train told Tom to bring his friend to board there, if he had no other place in which to go. So Tom did so, and Mr. Bainbridge was highly pleased with the arrangement. Tom and he became fast friends.

One night as Tom was on his way home from the roundhouse he was attacked by two villains, and might have been badly injured by them had not Jerry Bainbridge happened along just in the nick of time and put the villains to rout. Just before they ran away, however, Tom had got a good look at their faces and recognized them as Berkeley Vincent and Harry Hale.

Tom afterwards related with what disfavor he stood with these two villains to Mr. Bainbridge. That gentleman advised Tom to keep a sharp watch on them. Bainbridge had a day off the next day. He thought he would do a little detective work on Tom's enemies.

CHAPTER VIII.—Villainous Plans.

Leaving Tom's house, he struck out into the business portion of Montclair. He had informed himself of the usual localities where the villain Hale spent his evenings. There were a number of dives and low saloons in Montclair, such as may be found in almost every Western city. One of these had a sign over the door which read:

"THE SHADES HOUSE,
"Jerry Mulligan, Proprietor."

This was known as a quasi-gambling den and resort for blacklegs. It was incurring a risk for any respectable man to enter the place. But Bainbridge was so zealous in his task that he did not hesitate long. Pulling his slouch hat down over his eyes he passed into the place. A vast crowd were drinking at a long bar. Passing by them carelessly, Bainbridge kept on to the lower end of the room. In another moment, with a well-feigned air of familiarity, he passed through a dark passage and came into a large, low-ceilinged apartment, which was a literal paradise for the gamblers. Every sort of a game of chance was here displayed. The faro bank, the roulette table, the wheel of fortune, dice, cards, and every conceivable form of gambling was here to be found.

And the votaries were as numerous, comparatively speaking, as the stars in the heavens. All were intent in their game, and flushed faces of luck alternated with the dejected countenances of the unlucky. Bainbridge strolled carelessly into the den. A keeper at the door eyed him for a moment suspiciously, but Bainbridge's very coolness carried him safely through. But his eyes swept the room critically from end to end. Every detail, every face was taken in turn, and he gave a start as he saw a dark youth at one of the tables playing cards, and alternating his play with savage oaths and execrations upon his luck. It was Harvey Hale. Bainbridge strolled nearer and quietly watched the game. He took care to approach Hale from the rear. He stood and watched the play for some time. The game was draw poker. A sleek, well-fed sport was raking in the pile at every turn, and Hale particularly was losing heavily. The villain's passions would seem to preclude his winning, for he played excitedly and erratically. Occasionally he won, but more often he dropped his stakes. Hundreds of dollars passed from his hands. Bainbridge smiled grimly.

"Wonder where he gets his money?" he mused. "Perhaps his uncle supplies him. If he knew how it was going just now he might limit the young fellow's allowance."

At last a jack-pot was made. Hale drew three

aces and a pair of kings. It was a good hand. Upon it he went high. The money was literally piled upon the table, then at a favorable moment Hale called his opponent. He threw down his hand.

"A full house!" he cried. "The pot is mine!"

He reached forward to scoop in the money. But the sleek gambler opposite interposed, saying blandly:

"I guess not!"

Then he threw down upon the table four jacks. The game was his. Hale sat like one stupefied. Then he sprang up.

"Curse the luck!" he gritted. "I'll play no more to-night. The fates are against me and the fiend aids you."

As he arose the two other players also arose, leaving the sleek gambler alone. They were coarse-looking, heavy-featured men, with a slouchy appearance. One would at once have adjudged them members of the burglarious profession. Bainbridge discreetly retired to a safe distance. The two dark-bearded men seemed intimate with Hale. All three went to the bar and drank. Bainbridge watched them closely.

"I'll wager those are the chaps," he muttered. "Hale has them under his thumb. No doubt they will attempt the abduction. They will bear watching."

The three men spent some time at the bar. Bainbridge watched them closely all the while. At length, engaged in earnest conversation, they made their way toward the street door. They were going to leave the place, beyond doubt. Fearful of losing track of them, Bainbridge followed them to the door rather closely. They did not seem to notice him, and passed out into the street. The night was dark, and a west wind went soughing through the thoroughfare. Keeping ever a discreet distance, Bainbridge followed the villains until a corner was reached. Here they came to a halt and slunk into deep shadows. Bainbridge kept well in the shadows and crept nearer. He could indistinctly hear their voices, and knew that they were holding an excited conference. Just what this was he would give much to know. He was determined to learn, if possible. It was hazardous work creeping upon the three plotters.

They were sharp men all, and there was little doubt but that they were keeping a sharp lookout. But by dint of slow and careful work, Bainbridge reached the cover of a tobacconist's sign. The villains were upon one side and he was upon the other. He could hear every word spoken. What followed was of the utmost value to him, and thrilled him deeply. Hale was speaking.

"'Tain't that I care so much about the girl, boys, but I'd like to revenge myself on old Fair, and there ain't anything would make him feel worse than to abduct his daughter."

"Well, boss," said one of the ruffians, "tell us what to do and we'll do it."

"Then you'll agree to my terms?"

"Yes."

"One thousand dollars to fetch the girl safely out of the house and put her into the carriage I'll have waiting."

"You'll do the rest?"

"Yes."

"Then it's a bargain. Ter-morrer night at twelve we'll be at the south gate to Fair grounds. That's me, Jack Fisher."

"An' me, Clem Butler."

Bainbridge made a mental note of these names. Then the conversation continued.

"I reckon I can trust you?" said Hale.

"Yes, you bet. When we git the thousand from you we're going to make a shift fer Mexico—eh, Clem?"

"That's ther talk."

"Getting too warm for you around here, is it?" asked Hale, with a laugh.

"Waal, jest a bit since Clem knifed that man on ther Red Bridge. But that settles it—does it, boss?"

"It does!" replied Hale.

The two villains without more ado slid away into the gloom. Hale went down the street homeward. As for Bainbridge, he remained standing where he was, utterly aghast at the situation.

"Then they really mean business," he muttered. "Well, matters are getting exciting. Now to see Tom Train, and we must be on hand to-morrow night to spoil that little game."

Bainbridge went to his lodgings. The next morning he arose quite early, but when he came down to breakfast Mrs. Train informed him that Tom had gone.

CHAPTER IX.—Between the Rails.

Bainbridge went at once to the round-house, but, as we know, he did not find Tom Train there. He was unable to see Tom until he met him on his way to the roundhouse.

"Well, old friend," cried Tom heartily, "I am glad to see you! What can I do for you?"

"Tom, there's lively work for us!" replied Bainbridge excitedly.

"What do you mean?"

"I am onto the game."

"What game?"

"The abduction of Edith Fair."

Tom turned very pale.

"My soul!" he gasped. "You don't mean to say that the villains mean it?"

"Yes, I do."

"But——"

"Wait a moment and I'll tell you all," said Bainbridge.

Then he proceeded to detail to Tom his experience of the night previous. The young engineer listened with the deepest of interest. When Bainbridge had finished, he said:

"You have done nobly, Bainbridge. At any cost, we must frustrate that scheme. I think it would be best to warn Mr. Fair of the attempt now."

"Ah! but I thought you said not to do it yesterday?"

"Not at that stage of the game. But at present I think it would be safe."

"But would it not be better to entrap these rogues?"

"We can entrap them just as well," declared Tom. "In fact, the plan will work better."

"I believe you are right," agreed Bainbridge. "Very well, let us go and see Mr. Fair at once."

Without further delay, Tom and Bainbridge set out for the Fair residence. Arrived there, they were shown into Mr. Fair's study. The magnate was astonished and horrified when he heard of the scheme. A servant was sent for Edith. The young girl was apprised of the plot. Her eyes flashed with scorn.

"I am not surprised," she said. "The villain thinks to force me to that which he can gain in no other way. I would die before I would marry him."

"It is too horrible to think of!" ejaculated Mr. Fair.

"We certainly owe you much, Tom Train," said Edith, giving Tom a shy glance.

"Do not forget Mr. Bainbridge," said Tom generously. "He is the one who discovered the plot in the first place."

"Well, in view of affairs, what ought to be done?" asked Mr. Fair.

"Entrap the villains," suggested Bainbridge.

"Can it be done?"

"Easy enough. At the appointed hour allow them to gain admittance to the house. Have officers on hand, and nab them."

"It shall be done!" cried Mr. Fair. "I wonder what Vincent will think when his rascally nephew is jailed for such a nefarious offence?"

"He ought to be ashamed of him," said Tom. "But I will wager that he defends him."

Mr. Fair laughed.

"Very well," he said. "Will you be on hand to-night, gentlemen?"

"We will," replied Bainbridge, as Tom nodded his acquiescence.

"Mr. Bainbridge, I think, will be willing to make all arrangements for entrapping the villains," said Tom.

"Of course," agreed Bainbridge.

"I have got to go out with the express soon," continued Tom, "but I will be on hand to-night. Borrow no alarm, Miss Edith."

"I have no fear," replied the young girl, with a bewitching smile.

A short while later Tom and Bainbridge were on their way downtown. Bainbridge went at once to police headquarters, but Tom went to the round-house direct. Wilson Cox had steam up and the locomotive all ready. A short while later Tom pulled the train out of the yard and ran it down to the depot. Quite a number of passengers were ready to get aboard. After much hurry and bustle the starting gong rang, and Tom opened the throttle and let the locomotive go ahead, at first slowly. As soon as it was clear of the switches, Tom let the locomotive out for a mile per minute run. Down a long grade the train flew, up another, and around curves. On, faster and faster, it sped toward its destination. A master hand was at the throttle, a connoisseur in the art of driving a locomotive was in the cab. Grimy, hard-working Wilson Cox could but watch with admiration Tom's skillful handling of the engine. Soon the signal board of a station ahead was seen. It was Waybridge, and here the express must stop. Tom whistled the station, and then gradually applied the air-brakes. The train came gradually to a stop, and without the least jar to the passengers in the cars. At Waybridge more passengers got on. It was now what might be called a heavy train. But Wilson Cox worked up steam until it seemed as if the gauge would burst. Once more out upon the level rails the train ran. There were long grades to the next station, which was Newton. Up one of these grades Tom had often noticed beside the railroad, and distant from it not one hundred yards, a small house.

It was an humble abode, and Tom had often noticed the mistress of the place, a rather handsome though poorly dressed woman. A child, a little baby girl, played in the yard. The thought had once came to Tom, supposing the child should carelessly wander out upon the track. A passing train at any moment might strike it. A curve was rounded just before reaching it, and a train going even at slow speed could hardly be stopped. The thought had impressed Tom somewhat strangely, and oddly enough he had fallen into the habit of slowing up a little and looking for the child just beyond the curve. But upon the present day he had not slowed up. Suddenly the train turned the curve. Tom, with a chill of horror, saw a tiny form playing between the rails. The train could not be stopped in time. The mighty locomotive must surely pass over that innocent, precious little atom of humanity and crush it into nothingness. Tom Train dropped the lever handle with a sickening, heart-rending cry of awful horror and pain.

CHAPTER X.—A Daring Rescue.

Tom Train for the briefest second of time could see no possible way of saving that innocent child. In its ignorance of danger it was playing between the rails. Tom saw the danger as in a dream. Saw the child and saw a white-faced mother rushing from the cottage by the track. Then the spell was off. In a flash of time he had leaped through the door in the cab, along the platform he ran, and was down upon the pilot in a moment. Over the cowcatcher's edge he hung, and made one desperate attempt to grasp the innocent one. It was an awful risky thing to do —a dangerous feat. The least relaxation of the muscles, a single mistake, and instant and awful death would be the result. None knew this better than Tom. But he had not stopped to think of danger—there was no time. All happened in a few brief seconds.

One instant—one infinitesimal atom of time he hovered over the cowcatcher of the flying locomotive. Every nerve was like steel, and when he felt a firm clutch upon the baby's clothing it was to Tom like the feeling of an ecstatic thrill. But Wilson Cox in the cab had closed the throttle and applied the air-brakes, bringing the train to a stop a few rods beyond the cottage. It was well that this was done, for Tom had found that he was unable to draw himself back from his extended position with the strength of one arm. With the other he held the child aloof and safe. It seemed an age to Tom Train before the locomotive came to a stop. Then he rolled from the cowcatcher down upon the sleepers and there lay quite done out. When Wilson Cox dashed some water in his face, however, he came to. When

Tom scrambled to his feet he found himself the center of an excited crowd. The passengers had of course all piled out of the train to discover what the trouble was. In the interim the agonized mother had reached the spot, and now had her darling safe in her arms.

"Oh, sir," she cried gratefully, rushing up to Tom, "I owe my darling's life to you. Only for your bravery those cruel iron wheels would have taken my baby from me. Oh, I can never thank you enough!"

"Madam, I am almost as glad as you to think that I was so successful," replied Tom modestly. "I knew that I could not stop the train in time, and there was no other way."

The true account of the affair had by this time been given the crowd by Wilson Cox. At once a powerful wave of sympathy was created, and everybody crowded forward to get a look at Tom Train, the brave young engineer who had added yet another honor to his laurels as a genuine hero. But Tom was averse to public display. He retreated to the cab and began to ring the bell for all aboard. But the crowd cheered him just the same. Everybody piled aboard. The conductor gave the signal, and Tom opened the throttle. In a few moments the fast express was again flying over the rails at a tremendous rate of speed. Nothing more of note happened until Lee, the terminal station, was reached. Here Tom generally had an hour to spend before returning with the homeward express. It was long after dark before the express was once more under way on the homeward run. As Tom went over the scene of the thrilling episode of the afternoon, he exchanged glances with Wilson Cox, and both instinctively glanced at the little cottage by the track. Only a light in the window could be seen. But Tom could not help but think what a terrible night that would have been for the agonized mother, had he not been so fortunate as to have saved the little life that day. Where now all was joy and gladness, there would have been sorrow and anguish. In that realization the young engineer was well repaid.

The same thoughts were passing through the mind of Wilson Cox. The fireman and the engineer simply exchanged glances. Words could not have expressed matters to them better. On fled the fast express through the night. Every interval, as needed, Tom pulled the whistle-valve or the bell-cord as crossings were passed like a flash. As the train now drew nearer Montclair, Tom felt a peculiar thrill. The balance of the night was to hold for him many thrilling incidents. In spite of the steel-like quality of his nerves, he could not help but feel a trifle nervous.

At length the lights of Montclair came in sight. Tom looked at the chronometer. It lacked but a few minutes of ten o'clock. The express would be right on time. Wilson Cox proceeded to make things ship-shape in the cab, and Tom, leaning out of the window, caught the colored signal lights, which told him that the switches were right. Then over the switches the flying train leaped like a thing of life. A few moments after it rolled into the depot. Wilson Cox, who knew that Tom wanted to get off as quickly as possible, said:

"Go ahead, Tom. I'll house the engine and take care of everything."

Tom therefore left the engine at once. In the depot there was a reserved room for the engineers. Here Tom changed his clothes, and then went directly home. He entered the house to meet his mother, who had an anxious expression upon her face.

"My son," she said, "Mr. Bainbridge has just gone out, and before he left he requested me to tell you to meet him at eleven o'clock at the entrance to Mr. Fair's driveway. He would give no further explanation, nor did I ask any."

"At eleven o'clock?" cried Tom eagerly. "All right, I'll be there."

Then he paused as he saw the expression upon his mother's face. In an instant he clasped her in his arms.

"I do not doubt your honor, my son," she said simply, "but I hope that you will not get into danger."

With this he proceeded to tell her all. He detailed the villainy of Harvey Hale and his nefarious plan of abducting Edith Fair. Mrs. Train listened with horror to the recital.

"I cannot believe that Harvey has turned out to be such a rascal," she said, in surprise, "but then he always did have an inclination to do evil. If he does not stop soon, I fear for him."

"Ah, but he is not half the villain that his scheming uncle, Berkeley Vincent, is," declared Tom.

Mrs. Train's fears were set at rest with this explanation, and soon Tom left the house to keep his appointment with his friend Bainbridge. As he struck out through the darkness for Mr. Fair's residence, his mind was in a state of tumult. He experienced a strange foreboding, which he could not explain, that serious developments were close at hand.

CHAPTER XI.—Entrapped.

It was not a great ways to Mr. Fair's residence. But the night was dark as Erebus, and Tom was, for a time, at a loss to locate the entrance to the driveway. After a time, however, he succeeded in doing so, and now he began to look about for Bainbridge. But he had not much trouble in this. Suddenly he heard a sibilant whisper at his left:

"Is that you, Tom Train?"

"It is," replied Tom. "Who are you?"

He asked the question as a precaution.

"I am Bainbridge."

"Good! We are in plenty of time, are we not?"

"A great plenty. The rascals have not showed up yet."

Tom crept into the cover of the hedge where his companion was. It was so dark that they could not see each other's faces, but they gripped hands in greeting.

"I have been looking for you," declared Bainbridge. "I knew you would come."

"Nothing but a railroad wreck could have detained me," declared Tom. "But is it not near time?"

"Yes. I expect they will soon show up. It is very near eleven-thirty now."

"Are we to remain here?"

"I thought it the most likely place," replied Bainbridge.

"But what if they should gain entrance in some other way? How should we know it?"

"That is all provided for. We have several officers in the house ready to welcome them when they come."

"Ah, I see!"

Both relapsed into silence now. Time passed slowly. It seemed an age of suspense to Tom Train before any sign of those for whom they were watching appeared. Then suddenly there came a distant, grating sound, like the turning or cramping of a wheel, and the muffled tread of horses. Bainbridge clutched Tom's arm.

"Come!" he said huskily. "This is our time."

Together they crept across the road and into a dense grove of pine trees. As they drew nearer they heard now the rattle of harness and the stamping of horses' feet. Then human voices were heard in a hoarse monotone. All was dark as Egypt. But just for an instant one of the party flashed the light of a dark lantern about the vicinity. It was a brief glimpse, but it was sufficient to reveal to the two watchers a closed carriage and pair of black horses, which were tethered to a tree near. Two muffled men were by the carriage and one by the horses' heads.

"Confound it, Jack, don't do that again!" growled a hoarse voice. "Somebody might see us."

"Goldurn the luck, Clem!" retorted the man with the dark lantern. "I kean't see nothin'. It's as dark as a pocket in here."

"Shut up your jawing!" exclaimed a voice, instantly recognized by the two watchers.

"It is Hale himself!" muttered Tom Train.

"Yes," agreed Bainbridge. "All of the talent is here. That is good, for we may nab them all at once."

"Listen!"

The three kidnappers had now left the horses tethered, and had paused a moment in the verge of the pines to consult. They talked in a husky monotone, but every word was caught by the listeners.

"Waal, now, Clem, you laid out the scheme. Let's have some directions," said Jack Fisher.

"Thar's a bit of trellis-work over that side portico. I'll climb up there and carry up the rope. Then, Hale, you can come up with the chloroform. It'll be easy ter jimmy that window which opens into an upper hall. The gal's room, I've diskivered, is at the other end of that corridor. Ain't that so, Hale?"

"I believe it is," replied Hale impatiently.

"All right. Now I'll steal into the room an' give her the drug. Then you can help me ter carry her ter ther window, an' we can jest lower her down by ther rope. Ther next thing is into ther carriage an' off."

"Come on, then."

The three kidnappers crept away in the darkness.

"Now," said Bainbridge, in a tense whisper, "the crisis has come, Tom. May the gods be with us."

"Ay," whispered Tom, with set lips. "Of course we will let them enter the house?"

"Of course."

"And when they are nabbed by the police within——"

"Then we are to capture the one on the outside."

With grim determination they followed the kidnappers like silent shadows into the grounds of Mr. Fair's residence. Among the shrubbery they crept and soon had reached the trellis spoken of by Fisher. Tom and Bainbridge secreted themselves close by, and waited for a signal to make action. In a few moments outlined against the sky they could see the form of the kidnapper going up the trellis. He was evidently a skilled burglar, for the window above was forced without the slightest noise or trouble. Then Hale was seen climbing up. The dark forms of the two kidnappers disappeared in the house. Tom and Bainbridge waited a moment for a sign from within. Then a loud yell came from within the house, a light flashed up and a pistol-shot rang out. There were sounds of a scuffle, but the two watchers did not wait for that.

In an instant they were upon Butler, who had tumbles to the fact that his pals were captured, and had turned to flee. The ruffian made a hard struggle, but Tom and Bainbridge overpowered him, and manacles which the latter possessed were slipped upon his wrists. Then lights flashed from all the windows in the house; servants and officers rushed about. The trap was a clever one, and had worked like a charm. Just at the right moment the two villains had been nabbed by the police, and they were almost instantly overpowered. As Tom and Bainbridge appeared with the third conspirator, the climax was capped. And foremost in the group stood Harvey Hale.

It was impossible for the young villain to attempt to prevaricate or wriggle out of the situation. He was caught; his game was exposed, and imprisonment and disgrace were sure to be his. But in the face of all this he showed no repentance, no humiliation, but rather sullen defiance. As Mr. Fair confronted him, he, for a moment, winced, but the next instant hurled curses at the magnate. The kind-hearted millionaire had thought of leniency, but now he said sternly:

"You do not deserve to be spared, Harvey Hale. Take them all away, officers. I will appear against them to-morrow."

Foaming and fuming in an insane manner, the villain was led away. Mr. Fair accepted the congratulations of all upon the narrow escape of his daughter, but though he was happy in the realization of his escape from a terrible blow, he felt the shadow of great disaster hanging over him, and knew of no power to avert it.

CHAPTER XII.—Charged with Murder.

A mighty sensation was created in Montclair when the particulars of the affair at Mr. Fair's house came out in the morning newspapers. Harvey Hale, though always accounted a bit wild, had figured among the reputable young men of the town. That he would stoop to such infamy as this at which he had been caught red-handed seemed much beyond belief. Like wildfire the report spread. It was upon everybody's tongue. Mr. Fair and Edith came in for warm congratulations upon their fortunate escape. Every eye

was turned upon Berkeley Vincent, to see what effect the affair would have upon him. The aged villain was in part non-committal. He, however, was disposed to defend his rascally nephew. His first move was to go down and bail him out in a very large sum. Hale was held for trial within ten days. But Hale had hardly left the police station when an officer placed a hand upon his shoulder.

"You are my prisoner," he said.

"What!" gasped the villain. "I have just been discharged."

"I have a new warrant."

Both Hale and Vincent were dumfounded. The latter asked imperiously:

"What is the charge?"

"There are several counts," replied the officer. "I believe murder and wrecking a railroad train are the principal ones."

Hale turned deadly pale. For a moment he was the picture of abject fear.

"Murder!" he gasped. "Wrecking a railroad train! Impossible! Who the deuce has brought this charge against me?"

"I believe the gentleman's name was Bainbridge."

Vincent and Hale exchanged startled glances.

"Bainbridge!" gritted Vincent, between set teeth. "It seems to me he is pretty much interested in our affairs. Has he got sufficient evidence to convict?"

"I cannot say!" replied the officer. "You must come with me."

"I will see to it that such a slander upon my nephew's character does not go unpunished!" fumed Vincent furiously. "You shall be admitted to bail anyway, Harvey."

But the justice would not accept bonds of Vincent.

"We are obliged to hold the prisoner without bonds," he said. "It is a serious charge. In fact, if he is proved guilty, it will clear and liberate a man now held upon the same charge."

"Lucius Lamont!" gritted Hale.

Argument was of no avail. The judge was inexorable, and back to prison Mr. Harvey Hale went. A new sensation was thus placed before the excited public. But Vincent left the police station in a towering passion.

"I will interview that Mr. Bainbridge!" he gritted. "And curse him! I will learn him not to interfere with my affairs or my nephew's. I'll have his life yet."

Vincent knew of no other place to look for Bainbridge than the railroad yards. Accordingly he went thither in a furious frame of mind. But when he inquired of the boss of the yard for Bainbridge, he was told that he would be found in Mr. Fair's office.

Perfectly furious, the arch-villain entered the depot. He went boldly to Mr. Fair's room. With an insolence which merited a stern reception he did not pause to rap, but boldly opened the door and walked in. Mr. Fair was sitting at his desk, and Bainbridge near him. The railroad magnate sprang up in surprise. He frowned at sight of Vincent, and exclaimed:

"Berkeley Vincent!"

Vincent smiled sardonically.

"So it is!" he said coolly.

"What do you wish here?" asked Mr. Fair sternly.

Vincent's gaze was fixed on Bainbridge. He took a step toward him and hissed:

"You are the skunk who has dared to swear out a warrant against my nephew."

"Well," said Bainbridge quietly, "it is a matter of interest to you, then?"

"It is," replied Vincent savagely. "I propose to defend my nephew. Simply because his boyish passion led him to rashly attempt the forcing of his affections upon Edith Fair, does not imply that he is guilty of murder, or of wrecking railroad trains."

"That is a question to be decided in court," returned Bainbridge calmly. "You will have all the opportunity that is necessary to defend your nephew there."

"Then you dare to bring that accusation against him?"

"I have dared it."

"Are you a detective?"

"Perhaps I am, in this case."

"What is your evidence?"

"I must repeat that all this will be brought up at the trial. I need only add, though, that I have full and complete evidence to clear Lucius Lamont."

"Well," gritted Vincent savagely, "I will say that you're a liar! Curse ye for a meddling fool. But you'll never meddle with any of my affairs again, by Jupiter! Swear that you'll withdraw your charge against my nephew, or I'll kill you!"

A revolver gleamed in the villain's hand, and it covered Bainbridge. It was a moment of thrilling sort. Murder was in the eyes of the infuriated Vincent.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Attachment.

An ordinary man might have been alarmed at the situation. But Bainbridge sat gazing into the muzzle of Vincent's revolver with a coolness and nerve that was wonderful.

"Bah! Put up your shooter!" he said sternly. "Don't take me for a fool! You would not dare to shoot me!"

He was right. Vincent had only been testing his opponent's courage. He did not dare to shoot his man in that public place. It would have meant ruin and death to him. He could not afford to incur the law now upon the very verge of his accession to ill-gotten fortune. Bainbridge knew this well, and knew he was safe. The villain, seeing that his plan had failed, lowered his revolver.

"Your escape is a narrow one," he gritted. "If I followed proper dictates I'd kill you on the spot."

"Save your threats," said Bainbridge disdainfully.

"Who are you?" asked Vincent savagely.

"I am Jerry Bainbridge."

"Take my word, you and I are not done yet, Jerry Bainbridge. I will bring you to the wall yet, or die in the attempt."

The door closed behind him. All this while Mr. Fair had sat like one stupefied. Then he met the gaze of Bainbridge.

"And to think that all these years I have nur-

tured such a viper in my bosom," groaned the millionaire.

"His equal for downright cussedness I have never seen," declared Bainbridge. "But never mind, we will fetch him up yet."

"Then you think you really have evidence that Hale cut that wire and caused that train wreck?"

"I have two accomplices in prison now who have confessed."

"That is enough. Oh, how my eyes have been uncovered! But I can never repay you, Mr. Bainbridge, or Mr. Train, either, for such great service."

"Don't think of that," said Bainbridge, rising; "only keep a stiff upper lip. We'll beat them yet."

"Ah, but I cannot see the way!" groaned the millionaire. "Only a few more days and the villain will foreclose upon this railroad. How can I raise half a million dollars? Whoever lends it to me will have to do it upon my personal recognizance. I can give no security."

A peculiar light shone in the eyes of Bainbridge.

"Have you tried to raise it?" he asked.

"I have tried in vain."

"Have you no friends?"

"None who are able to help me through this pass," groaned the magnate.

Bainbridge seemed to experience a tremor. Then he advanced and laid a hand upon Mr. Fair's shoulder.

"Sir," he said, in an altered manner and voice, "I want to speak a few words of cheer to you. Keep up! Your deliverance is near at hand. I mean what I say."

Mr. Fair was not only impressed, but astounded.

"What do you mean?" he gasped.

But as he turned, the door closed behind Bainbridge, and he was gone.

"That is queer," muttered the millionaire, as he turned to his desk. "That man puzzles me. He has a good heart, and I like him. But I cannot make him out. However, what is the use for me to fight against fate? Vincent certainly holds those mortgages. Next Friday he will simply foreclose, and how am I going to help it?"

For days past Mr. Fair had consulted every known and feasible experiment or expedient to raise the necessary half million dollars to tide over his financial reverses. It seemed utterly impossible to do so. To the successful business man money seems to come unsought. But once let him get into a strait, and the fickle article seems to take a tantalizing delight in keeping at as inaccessible a height as possible. The nervous strain to which he had been subjected for a few days past had told upon Mr. Fair most cruelly. There were lines in his face, and silver hairs in his beard and hair which had not been there before. Much more of the kind of strain and he would succumb to nervous prostration. In all of this trouble Edith had been to him like a ministering angel.

"All will come out right, papa," she said hopefully. "The good God who watches over us will not see us come to harm."

But the days passed one by one, and the fatal day of foreclosure drew near. It seemed to the millionaire as if his fortunes were all tumbling about him. It was with a mighty effort that he dragged himself one day down to the office. It was the last day of grace. At twelve o'clock, the time within which he was to procure the half million, he was sitting at his desk. He had looked about the office, and a strange sensation had come over him. It was like that experienced by the man about to drown. But there seemed not even a straw to grasp. In a few moments he would be dispossessed of all he had in the world. He would be cut off, cast out a beggar and an outcast. It was hard to think of. In fact, his brain reeled. But the moment the office door opened and men came in, he seemed to revive. A merciful Providence seemed to give him new strength. He arose calmly and faced his fate. Four men entered the office. One was a constable, two were lawyers, and the fourth was Berkeley Vincent. There was a mocking smile upon the villain's lips. One of the lawyers advanced, with a writ in his hand, and said:

"We have here mortgages upon this railroad, given to secure stock in the White Hill Mining Co., which has become insolvent and unable to pay one cent upon a dollar of its indebtedness. Your name is upon the stock and upon the mortgage notes. As they are due, we have come to demand their payment, or we shall be compelled to seize the property and sell it to satisfy the creditors."

"There is but one creditor, I believe," said Mr. Fair coldly. "Is not that so?"

"You are right," replied the lawyer.

"Who is he?"

"Mr. Berkeley Vincent."

"I thought so," said Mr. Fair quietly. "This is all a swindling game of his to beat me out of all that I have got. How much money do you ask of me?"

"One-half million dollars will tide over those mortgages that are now due."

"I have not got that amount of money," replied Mr. Fair rigidly.

"Then do your duty, officer," cried Vincent. "Attach the place at once."

The constable advanced and laid his hand upon the railroad company's books and began to read the writ of attachment. But at that moment the door was thrown open and a man walked into the room.

"Hold!" he cried, in a voice like thunder. "Stop where you are."

It was Jerry Bainbridge. Vincent turned upon him white with fury.

"Get out of here!" he yelled. "What do you want here?"

"You will know at once, you miserable dog!" retorted Bainbridge, in a voice of steel. "I am here to play checkmate to your fiendish game. You call for one-half million dollars to redeem that stock and tide over those mortgage notes. Mr. Fair has told you that he had not the money. I order off this attachment, for Mr. Fair has the money. It is in this satchel, and I lend it to him on his word for security."

CHAPTER XIV.—Checkmated.

"You!" gasped Vincent, in sheer amazement. "You lend Fair half a million? Why, you grace-

less pauper, you never saw a thousand dollars in the course of your life!"

"One thousand!" repeated Bainbridge. "Whether I have or not is nothing to you. You call for half a million dollars. That will save Mr. Fair from ruin. This money must be paid for stock certificates in the White Hill Mining Co. The payment of that indebtedness will discharge the mortgage notes from the railroad and clear it of the incumbrance. Is not this so?"

"How did you learn so much?" grifted Vincent.

"Mr. Fair is really solvent. He lacks only the requisite amount of money to redeem this stock. You have by scheming shortened him up, and taken advantage of this to pinch him. Is not that a villainous and ungenerous game to play upon a man who has been your friend and backer?"

Vincent was purple in the face with rage and defeat.

"If so, why has he not raised the money before this to redeem that stock at the par value?" he snapped.

"Because the depreciation in the stock has made him a heavy loser, and these mortgage notes have been given to fill the gap. All of Mr. Fair's wealth is employed in this railroad. There has been no safe or logical way for him to draw half a million from the road to fill that gap. But the stock has depreciated, as you intended. I advance Mr. Fair half a million to remove the mortgage from his road. Now, sir, I demand the surrender of those stock certificates. They belong to Mr. Fair, and the money paid for them must go into the treasury there to await the action of the stockholders. As you and Mr. Fair are the principal stockholders, it lies between you. Now Mr. Fair, I believe, holds the controlling number of shares. He can vote the money in the treasury for any purpose he may see fit, and have the corporation dissolved by decree of court. Where are you? Does it not look as if you were beaten?"

Vincent's face was apoplectic in hue.

"Curse you for a fiend!" he hissed. "You are too sharp. But I am not beaten yet. Bluffing will not do it. I demand to see the half-million dollars. It must be paid to me as the treasurer."

"Not if the controlling vote of the corporation makes other disposition of the money," replied Bainbridge coolly.

Vincent saw his defeat. He had been a winner, but the prompt redeeming of the stock had beaten him. He had not dreamed of such a thing as the money being raised by Fair. Half a million seemed not an easy sum to procure at once. He had descended from the pinnacle of victory to the very dregs of defeat. A few moments before he was practically the owner of the railroad. But now he was not even able to claim the money paid in for the White Hill stock.

The prompt producing of the necessary half million had done this. He could not believe his senses. He would not believe this man Bainbridge had such an enormous sum of money to his name. It was all a bluff game. Convinced of this, Vincent was yet defiant.

"Sheriff, do your duty!" he once more cried. "Attach everything. They have not the money. It is all an imposture!"

"Hold!" cried Bainbridge sternly.

He opened the satchel and deposited upon the table rolls of greenbacks, in which were one-thousand-dollar bills, government coupons, certified checks, and other forms of money.

"It shall be counted in our presence," he declared. "There is half a million there in round numbers. If any more is required I will soon procure it."

Up to this moment Mr. Fair had sat like one dazed at his desk. Now he staggered to his feet.

"Mr. Bainbridge!" he gasped. "Am I dreaming? Where did you get that money?"

"It is mine," was the prompt reply, "or at least, it is yours now. I lend it to you."

"Lend it to me!" exclaimed the railroad magnate, in a daze. "Are you a good fairy? I never knew that you had that much money."

"You can never judge a man's wealth by his appearance," laughed Bainbridge.

"But—you have professed poverty."

"I had a good and strong reason for doing so," replied Bainbridge. "I do not care to state it now. As for my wealth, I am worth ten millions, and if I have to use the whole of it to do so, this graceless hound, Berkeley Vincent, shall be made to feel the weight of the law!"

Vincent was overwhelmed. He sank faint and trembling into a chair. In an instant's time he saw all his fancied wealth gone from him like a fleeting vision. All the pluck was taken out of him now. He was servile and submissive once more.

"It's all up!" he muttered, in a maudlin way. "It was only a little deal in stocks. It's done every day, gentlemen. You must not think hard of me for it."

"It was a swindling game, pure and simple!" declared Bainbridge, "and the clutches of the law are about you, Berkeley Vincent. Mr. Fair, I am glad to serve you. Make what use you wish of that money, and when you get ready you can repay it without interest."

"I will repay it double!" cried Mr. Fair, delirious with delight. "My soul, is it possible that I am saved?"

Vincent had sunk into a chair. In that awful moment of defeat a great change had come over him. The money-cunning in his eyes was fierce and strong. His gaze was fixed upon the pile of wealth upon the table. In his frenzied moment of insanity the result of his defeat a desperate, mad plan came into his mind.

None but the madman could have conceived and executed it.

With a maniacal shriek he made a bound forward. One blow dashed Mr. Fair aside. Then with a swift movement the villain dashed the wealth into the satchel, clutched it, and started for the door. The sheriff interposed, but the maniac struck him down. Out of the office and into the depot platform ran Vincent. He looked for one brief flash for an avenue of escape. To the right—to the left—were groups of people. He fancied in his excitement that all knew his guilt and would try to stop him.

Just in front was the track. Upon the siding stood a locomotive. The engineer, Rube Hutchins, was oiling the driving rod bearings, and the cab was empty. In his insanity it seemed to Vincent a safe and sure way of escape. He did not

wait a moment to count the costs. But like a meteor he sprang across the platform and reached the cab entrance. Hutchins' back was turned and Vincent gained the cabin. He grasped the throttle bar and pulled the valve open. The engine fairly leaped forward. Rube Hutchins, the astounded engineer, saw the villain's purpose, and made a desperate spring forward. He reached the platform of the cab, but Vincent hurled him back onto the platform. In another instant the locomotive sped out of the depot. The switch was set, and out on the main line ran the engine. Mr. Fair and all in the office had rushed in pursuit of Vincent, but all were too late.

CHAPTER XV.—The End.

Near the office door, just before Vincent's appearance, Tom Train had been standing. He had seen the villain's maniacal act, and understood it instantly. He saw Hutchins hurled back, and then, realizing that the situation was a desperate one, he made action. With a few flying bounds he went down the platform. There was not time to reach the cab, nor did Tom essay it. He made a clutch at the couplings on the rear of the tender and like a monkey went up to the narrow platform above them. This was the sight which brought the great shout from the crowd. As the locomotive went flying out over the switches, Tom Train was seen to clamber over the back of the tender. Tom knew that he was in for a hard tussle with Vincent, for the villain would certainly not surrender easily. But he was determined to prevent his escape. Therefore, with full resolution, he went down into the cab. Vincent turned just in time to see him coming down over the coal in the tender. The expression of surprise upon the villain's face was for a moment most intense.

Then his eyes flashed luridly and his face turned black as a thunder-cloud. He grabbed an iron poker and sprang toward him. The boy engineer knew that if he should receive that blow it would be apt to cripple him. He therefore avoided it by retreating back up the coal heap. At the same moment he seized an iron coupling pin and hurled it at Vincent. It struck the villain fairly in the stomach. For a moment it completely took his wind, and he staggered back, dropping the poker. It was Tom's opportunity, and he went down over the coal with a rush. The next moment the two were locked in a deadly struggle. Tom was young and supple, while Vincent was old and stiff in his joints. Yet his frenzy gave him a strength which for a moment baffled Tom's best efforts. But the contest became a brief, though terrific, one. Vincent was thrown heavily upon the floor of the cab. In that position Tom held him while he bound him with some cord which he happened to have in his pocket. Tom closed the throttle, however, and stopped the engine. Then he reversed the power and started on the backward run. Vincent was cursing and fuming savagely. The young engineer picked up the satchel containing the five hundred thousand dollars and placed it in a locker. He was as cool as could be all the while. Suddenly a cunning expression came into the villain's eyes.

"Look here, Tom," he cried, in a coaxing manner, "let's compromise. There's half a million in that satchel. Let's divide. I can escape, and nobody will ever suspect you of having the other half."

Tom laughed scornfully.

"Money is not my god as it has been yours, Berkeley Vincent," he said contemptuously. "My ambition is to see you behind prison bars."

Further talk was out of the question, for the next moment the locomotive rolled into the depot. Officers were instantly on hand to take Vincent to prison. He was dragged away raving like a maniac. While Tom Train was fairly embraced by Mr. Fair, the young engineer was actually carried into the office, and there in the presence of Bainbridge, Mr. Fair explained all to him. Tom was dumfounded. He turned an awe-struck gaze upon Bainbridge.

"But—how is this?" he gasped. "I thought you a poor man. How could you lend Mr. Fair half a million?"

"Tom, I must ask you to forgive me for a little bit of deceit. My name is not Bainbridge. I am your eccentric uncle of San Francisco, Allan Train. Now you know me."

"My uncle!" gasped Tom, completely overcome.

"Just so! All the years of my life I have lived as a misanthrope, eccentric and retired. I have massed a vast fortune, and for the last few years have thought of looking up my relatives so that I might name heirs when my turn to die should come. When I received your mother's letter, asking for assistance for you, I was at once interested. But I was curious to learn what sort of a young man you were, and what was your mettle. That is why I have masqueraded as Bainbridge. I am satisfied. You have the real Train blood in you, Tom. I am proud of my nephew. I discovered that your heart was right, that your morals were pure, and that you were brave and talented. Now, Tom, if you can forgive me for my deceit and can really care for your Uncle Allan, welcome to my arms."

"Care for you!" cried Tom, with a joyous bound forward. "Why, I have liked you from the first time I met you. And you are my Uncle Allan? Oh, won't mother be glad to see you!"

With a few brief explanations this will bring our story of the boy engineer to its close. It was indeed a happy meeting at the home of the Trains when Tom's uncle, the wealthy Californian, met his brother's wife. Mrs. Train was quite overcome.

Poverty was thenceforth a stranger to the Trains, and the rise in life of Tom Train was meteorical in its course. But the crowning joy of all will be his marriage with lovely Edith Fair, which is soon to occur. The Trains have a beautiful home in Montclair, and with the Fairs are now the magnates of the place. Joy and prosperity is theirs. As for the other characters of this story, little need be said. Berkeley Vincent died of apoplexy in prison. Harvey Hale, convicted of murder and train-wrecking, died on the gallows. Brave Wilson Cox is the star engineer of the M. N. & L., and Lucius Lamont is head clerk for Mr. Fair. With this brief explanation let us end.

Next week's issue will contain: "WE THREE; or, THE WHITE BOY SLAVES OF THE SOUDAN."

CURRENT NEWS

LUMINOUS FISH OF THE OCEAN

Strange, indeed, has been the evolution of the organs of sight of the practically blind fish, which live in the total darkness of the depths of the ocean, where no ray of light ever penetrates. In some the eyes are very small; in others they are large and round, as if in a struggle to catch some faint gleam of brightness. One-fifth of these fish possess a luminous organ on some part of the body.

Several varieties of fish living near the surface carry lights, among them the "lantern fish" of the Malay Archipelago and another recently discovered in Jamaican waters. All these have a large, luminous organ just below the eye, emitting a greenish-white light, which flickers at regular intervals. Some deep-sea fish have the light attached to a long movable tip. Some of these are probably real lanterns, others decoys in the pursuit of prey.

RUBIES AND DIAMONDS

Weight for weight, a ruby is more valuable than a diamond, and it is estimated that a ruby the color of a pigeon's blood and weighing five carats will fetch ten times the price of a diamond of the same weight. Furthermore, the price increases with the size of the stone.

Every precaution is thus naturally taken to prevent such precious objects being lost or stolen. When the "byon," or ruby earth, is dug from the mine it is placed in iron bins, which are then locked and transported to the sorting room at the surface.

Here the soil, which may contain gems worth a fortune, is tipped into a "pulsator," a sort of perpetual motion jigger, which breaks the earth up and finally washes it away from the stones and rubble. The latter is then dumped upon the sorting table and is carefully gone over by experts.

Between sixty thousand and seventy thousand pounds worth of rubies are found at the famous Migok mine in Upper Burma every year.

OLD FIRE BELLS

Not longer ago than Civil War days fire alarms were rung in the city of New York on great bells hung in towers erected for the purpose about the town. The bells indicated the district in which the fire was, and sometimes a good deal of ground was covered in looking for a fire. The First District, for instance, in Civil War days extended from Twenty-second street north to Yorkville and from the East River to the North.

The bellringers were constantly on duty in the towers watching for signs of a fire. An inventory of the contents of the old Marion street bell tower in 1865 shows the equipment then in use. It is as follows: "One bell, weight 11,000 pounds, one striking apparatus, one stove, table, clock, one spyglass, one fieldglass, one slate and book."

The fire bells of the old city could be heard all over the town unless a gale of wind was blowing. The largest bell was in the City Hall tower. Its weight was 23,000 pounds.

GET THE NAVY AMATEUR RADIO CODES

By filling out the following information blank and sending it to the address given on it, any radio amateur may obtain a copy of the Navy Amateur Radio Codes. These can be used in decoding code messages broadcasted from Naval Radio stations daily. Amateurs can secure valuable practice by receiving and decoding these broadcasts. They are transmitted at slow speed, ten words per minute, which is ideal for the beginner. This notice is printed free of charge by

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and his co-operation is hereby gratefully acknowledged. Any radio amateur who is willing to offer his services and his station to a troop of scouts or the local council of the Boy Scouts of America in his city, for the receipt of official messages, is assured of a cordial welcome. Report to the nearest scout headquarters. The assistance of radio organizations also will be appreciated. Lecturers, teachers and leaders are needed to make the amateur system effective.

NAVY DEPARTMENT UNITED STATES NAVAL COMMUNICATION SERVICE—Office of District Communication Superintendent, Third Naval District, 44 Whitehall Street, New York City.

Dear Sir:—A copy of the Amateur Radio Code, used in connection with the Amateur Radio Broadcast transmitted by the New York Naval Radio Station, will be forwarded to you upon receipt of this form properly filled out:

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5. Any Commercial experience .....
6. Grade of Radio License, if any .....
7. Number of words you can receive per minute .....
8. Education .....
9. Size and power of transmitting set .....
10. Type of undamped wave receiver .....
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R. B. COFFMAN,
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BOB, THE ICE KING

—— OR ——

OUT TO FIND THE POLE

By J. P. RICHARDS

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XXI (continued)

It seemed to her that so long as the Danish explorer continued to treat her with all due respect, which he certainly did, that the best way was to say as little as possible, and to appear to be content with the change which had come to her.

"Very well, Lars," she said in answer to this. "I am here at your mercy. Make it as easy as you can for me. That is all I ask."

"Rely upon it that I shall," replied Larsen, and the talk drifted to other things.

They were talking in their camp upon the ice at the time Bob and the doctor saw the fire, which was really theirs.

Next day they advanced about twenty miles, in spite of the cold, and that night, when the thermometer began to rise the worst blizzard Thyra had ever seen in the Arctic set in.

Thyra had a little tent to herself made in the most approved fashion—such a tent as only a native Greenlander knows how to make.

After supper she retired to it, and tried to read a little in a Danish book which Larsen lent her, but the light was poor, and she soon gave it up and was preparing to get into her sleeping bag when she heard Larsen's voice calling her outside.

"What is it you want, Lars?" she answered. "I am just getting ready to go to sleep."

"Come out for a minute," said the explorer. "I want you to see this storm. Upon my word, Thyra, I greatly fear we are going to be buried alive."

Thyra looked outside. Larsen was buried waist deep in snow.

"Isn't this tremendous?" he exclaimed.

"It is, indeed," replied Thyra. "Do you consider our danger great?"

"I do. If the wind was stronger I wouldn't give much for our lives, but it appears to be dying down. Thyra, I want to say to you now that I am sorry I robbed that young man, and left him and his companion to perish."

"Well, it is up to you, Lars," replied Thyra quietly. "I consider that you have done a very wicked thing."

"I have. I admit it. I am afraid that it will bring a judgment on me. I am afraid this is it."

"I don't know. We can't control the elements, neither can I believe that this storm was sent for your special benefit."

They talked further. Larsen seemed very repentant and much dispirited.

Before he started to wade back to his own tent, which was about ten feet away, he asked to be allowed to kiss Thyra good-night, and she did not refuse him.

She stood for a minute, and saw him enter his tent.

There were two others, one for the Esquimaux and a shelter for the dogs, all three standing exactly in a line, while Thyra's was to one side.

The brave girl got into her sleeping-bag then, and as she lay there upon the ice the chill of which scarcely penetrated through the warm furs, her thoughts were of Bob.

Where was he in all this awful storm?

Not so far away, Thyra felt.

Indeed, she was sure of it.

"He will follow me! He will surely follow till he finds me!" she kept repeating to herself.

And when she said her prayers, which she always did, be very sure that Bob figured in them.

Some time after that Thyra went to sleep, to be suddenly awakened by a sound which filled her soul with fear.

It was like a fearful explosion.

But Thyra knew that it could be nothing but the breaking of ice.

Other sounds which confirmed this belief followed, and mingled with them was one prolonged, agonized cry which she could never forget to her dying day.

Thyra crawled out of her sleeping-bag and opened up the tent.

It was still snowing.

The entrance commanded no other view than a wall of snow.

She shouted, but there was no response.

There was absolutely nothing to be done, so Thyra shut herself in again, fearing the worst.

At any instant she expected the ice to break up beneath the tent, and to go to her death. The moments passed.

Perhaps a quarter of an hour had elapsed when it seemed to Thyra that she could hear some one calling in a smothered way.

Once more she opened up the tent, and shouted.

There was certainly an answer. Some one was making his way through the snow, and a moment later the wall began to drop around her, and a dark figure appeared.

At first she could not make him out. Then she saw that it was Orlok, the Esquimau.

"Oh, miss!" he cried, in his own language. "Ice break. Gone! All gone!"

"Orlok!" gasped Thyra. "Do you mean that the tents have been swallowed up and everybody drowned?"

"Everybody, miss! The tents are drowned! The boss is drowned! Esquimau men they all drowned. The dogs are all drowned, and the sleds are drowned, too."

Thyra sank down upon a box of provisions which had been put into the tent for a seat, weak and nerveless.

"And you, Orlok!" she cried. "How did you escape?"

"Oh, miss, I felt the tremble. I knew what was coming. I called to the Esquimau men, but they would not hear. I rushed out into the snow and buried myself. Oh, miss, I only got just so far enough, for the ice broke off right there, and I saw all go down."

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

A RIVER OF FIRE.

The eruption which burst forth so violently a few months ago in Hawaii presented one of the most magnificent sights ever seen. A river of white-hot lava flowed for 20 miles from Mauna Loa's summit to the sea, through a burned valley a mile wide. One could read at midnight five miles away by the light it radiated.

YOUNGEST SOLDIER.

St. Joseph, Missouri, claims the youngest veteran of the great World War. He is Raymond Burleigh, fourteen years of age, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Burleigh.

He is still in the service, being now stationed at Philadelphia. He came back from France, where he served two years in the American Army, last February. He will remain in the service until July when his enlistment expires, if he has his way about it. His parents, however, are making an effort to obtain his immediate release.

Young Burleigh or "Fred De Reaeux" as he is known in the army, having enlisted under that name, is a man in size and appearance. When he enlisted here in July, 1917, at the age of twelve years, he stood five feet nine inches tall and weighed 150 pounds.

Raymond made three attempts before he finally broke into the army. Each time he easily fooled the recruiting officers. Twice he got as far as the final oath only to have his hopes blighted by his parents.

His first attempt came in April, 1917, when he tried to enlist in the Regular Army. His father intervened, but Raymond's enthusiasm wasn't dampened. In June of the same year he tried for the Navy, passed all the examinations and was about to become a full fledged "gob." Then mother appeared on the scene.

Still the youngster persevered. His third "try" proved the charm. His parents threw up the sponge. In July, 1917, Raymond entered the Transportation Department of the Aviation Section. After six months at Kelly Field he sailed for France in January, 1918.

Young Burleigh served in several branches of the service overseas. With the infantry he did his "trick" in the front line trenches, going "over the top" many times. He returned without a scratch. His only reason for not wanting an early discharge is that he doesn't want his "top kicker" to learn his true age, Raymond's parents declare.

GIANTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

When Johann Van Albert stepped from the gangplank on a recent arrival of the Mauretania, he had the distinction of being the tallest man who ever entered the United States. His 8 feet 5 inches of height required that a special berth, made up two cots placed end to end in a large companionway, be furnished for the trip from his home in Amsterdam, Holland.

Since Johann has left his quiet home out among the near-by windmills of Amsterdam and intends to enter the show business over here, it will be interesting to dig up some giant history and see how he compares with previous competitors who used to be great attractions. Probably no living giant in the United States ever exceeded the 8 feet attained by the late Captain Bates, who was a native of Kentucky.

The word "living" is used here because of the fact that for some time during the year 1869 the famous Cardiff giant led many people to believe that a 10-foot man had once lived and was buried near Cardiff, a village in Onondaga County, New York. The story of this monstrous fraud perpetrated on the American public makes such unusual and interesting reading that it will bear repeating.

The idea had its inception out in Fort Dodge, Ia., when an adventurous fakir purchased a huge block of gypsum from a quarryman of that place. The block then was shipped to Chicago, it being taken in charge by a sculptor, who chiseled it into a 10-foot giant. The surface was pricked with needles to give it the appearance of pores in the human skin, and then treated with a variety of acids which made the entire statue appear of ancient origin. After completion, the giant was securely packed in an iron box and shipped to Union, N. Y., where the owner claimed it, loaded the bulky box upon a large wagon and hauled it fifty miles to a farm near Cardiff. The giant form was then removed from the box and secretly buried, remaining under the ground nearly a year, until it was "accidentally" discovered by some workmen who had been engaged to dig a well by the promoter of the fraud.

This great discovery was made on October 16, 1869, and news of the wonderful petrified giant spread all over the country. The lucky finders covered it with a tent and put it on exhibition, while special trains were run from New York City and other near-by points so that the clamoring multitudes could see the astonishing remains at the earliest opportunity.

Until the deception was discovered it is estimated that more than 50,000 persons jostled each other in order to view the wonder, paying a dollar apiece for the remarkable privilege.

But, passing on from this greatest hoax, it is found that Captain Bates was the tallest of our modern American giants, although his 8-foot height was slightly exceeded by that of Anna Swan, a native of Nova Scotia. Going further back into giant history, we find that Queen Elizabeth's head porter was 7 feet 6 inches high, probably being given this exalted position on account of his ability to see what was going on at all times.

Among royalty itself it is claimed that one of the Roman emperors was nearly 9 feet high, but the measurements of those days may have allowed him considerable more height than he would be entitled to at this time, though no doubt he was a person of great stature for history to make note of the fact.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Midnight Shadow

—— OR ——

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEVEN STEPS

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XXII (continued)

He untied Fanny's hands and allowed her to eat breakfast, and then tied her up again. She was served the same way at dinner time, and at supper.

If the old man could speak much English he did not let Fanny find it out, for his conversation was confined to a few words, and when the poor girl pleaded for her liberty he professed not to understand.

By the time night settled down upon that lonely hut poor Fanny was almost insane, and what she dreaded the most was the return of Pietro, who had evidently been away all day.

But Pietro did not come, and for several hours after supper nobody came near Fanny, and she lay there in the darkness, suffering agonies, while in the room beyond someone was playing on the mandolin.

At last, somewhere around eleven o'clock, the terrible monotony of the situation was broken by a series of happenings which turned everything upside down.

It began by Fanny hearing a light tap on the window which she faced as she lay.

It was not entirely dark in the room, for there was a transom over the door through which the light from the room beyond came streaming, and Fanny caught sight of a horrible face peering in at her through the glass.

But horrible as it was, it was a relief to see it, for it was the face of the Midnight Shadow!

So the wretched Arthur was not dead, after all! How he escaped death by drowning was never known.

Fanny was amazed. And then she remembered Henry Grady's words when he "introduced" Arthur to her in the dining room.

"He will never harm you now!"

Poor Fanny felt that she infinitely preferred the Shadow to Pietro and the old man.

For a moment the strange creature peered at her, and then the face was withdrawn.

The music had ceased some time before this, and not a sound was now to be heard in the outer room.

In breathless anxiety Fanny waited.

She felt that something was surely going to happen, and that very soon.

It came! Suddenly from the other room there arose an awful cry. It was a yell of abject terror! Something fell with a loud crash.

Then came a succession of yells, mingled with other sounds.

Two men appeared to be fighting desperately.

That one was the Shadow Fanny could tell from the strange, animal-like snarl which rose above the yells at times. At last the sounds suddenly ceased.

Fanny looked for the immediate appearance of the Shadow, and she nerved herself for the ordeal.

But the moments passed, and nobody came.

She could now hear some one moving about the room. It made her terribly nervous to listen.

Up and down, up and down, the pattering footsteps went.

Then came a loud pounding and another crash.

Next she heard the Shadow utter one of his wild cries.

"He has killed the counterfeiter!" thought Fanny.

The sounds in the other room now became such as were not to be easily interpreted. Then, at last, after fully half an hour had elapsed, the door was suddenly flung open, and in walked the Midnight Shadow with a table knife in his hand.

Fully realizing that her only hope was to remain calm, Fanny never uttered a sound.

Arthur came up to her, mumbling unintelligible words. He stroked her head and patted her cheeks.

Then with the knife he cut the cords which bound the girl, and taking her by the hand, lifted her to her feet.

"You good! My father! Good!"

Fanny could just make out the words, which appeared to be spoken with a great effort.

Arthur took her by the hand and led her into the other room.

There, upon the floor, lay the coiner. Fanny never doubted that he was dead.

Upon the table were the two grips and the dress suit case with the broken lock. Arthur laid his hand upon each in turn.

"My father!" he said. "My father! Good!"

Clearly Henry Grady was right when he said that this singular freak knew more than one would imagine.

He handed Fanny one of the grips, and distinctly pronounced the word "money."

Then he took the other grip and the dress suit case, and with equal distinctness said: "Come!"

By this time Fanny had come to regard him almost as a friend, and she unhesitatingly followed him out of the hut.

He seemed to know just where he was going, for he struck directly into the woods, and, occasionally looking back to see if Fanny was following, walked on at a rapid pace.

The sight of Fanny at the window drove away the last remnant of Oliver's natural timidity.

"Fanny! Fanny!" he shouted.

And the answer came:

"Oh, Oliver! Save me! I can't see you, but I recognize your voice!"

And what did Oliver do in answer to this appeal?

Dick Ketchum waited for the boy's return until it became perfectly apparent that he was not going to return.

The detective was terribly disturbed.

"He has fallen into the hands of the Shadow! There can be no other explanation!" he said to himself. "Fool that I was to separate from him even for an instant!"

(To be continued)

GOOD READING

$1,000 PEARL IN MUSSEL.

Wabash River pearl hunters in this vicinity are excited over several pearls found recently, among which is one valued at $1,000, found by Samuel Richardson, who lives northeast of Lafayette, Indiana. Richardson is regularly engaged in fishing for mussel shells and found the large pearl in one. Several persons have found pearls valued at $400 and $500 in the last few days. The shells are sold to pearl button factories.

YOUNG CHICKS ARE SHIPPED THROUGH THE PARCELS POST.

One hundred chicks but a day old arrived by parcels post at the local postoffice, Sioux Falls, S. Dak., from Iowa en route to Garretson. This, one of the employees said, was not an unusual occurrence, as several lots were being received daily. They are not permitted to feed them, though the chicks arriving would have appreciated some crumbs, judging from the amount of "peep-peeps" issuing from the container.

FIREMEN CALLED TO RESCUE BIRD.

A hook and ladder rescue of a pigeon caught by a piece of wire against the top of the three-story archway of the Orpheum Theater, San Francisco, furnished a new thrill recently to those who never tire of watching the fire-fighting apparatus. A special policeman first noticed the bird's plight, but his efforts to free the bird with a long pole were unsuccessful, and the crowd watching him was about to move on when a hook and ladder wagon came clanging up the street in response to a call from some sympathetic bird lover.

One of the tallest ladders was produced and a fireman went clear to the top, pulled the bird loose from its entanglement and brought it down in his hand to display to the crowd. Whether the pigeon was adopted by the fire company was not learned.

PET ANIMALS HAVE FINE APARTMENT HOUSE.

High cost of building material and lack of accommodations for mere man were no deterrents to F. D. Stringham of Berkeley, Cal., who, out of consideration for his pets, built the animals a fine apartment house. The present tenants are apparently well satisfied as to date they have registered no complaints.

The house has four apartments, the two on the ground floor being occupied by A. Beagle and Mr. Irish Setter, and one on the upper floor by Miss Persian Cat. The apartment adjoining Miss Cat's is said to be the only vacancy at present.

This is the ideal apartment house life, the meals being served from the Stringham kitchen, doing away with the servant problem for the tenants.

AN ANCIENT HERMIT.

On June 24th "The Hermit of the Siskiyous" will celebrate his 100th birthday.

Friend of Joaquin Miller and John Burroughs, graduate of Heidelberg, and man of high culture, this white-haired old patriarch has lived in the cabin he built since he came from some Eastern city in 1855, and to the people hereabouts he's still a man of mystery, writes a correspondent in "The St. Paul News."

He is known as "Old Man Hoofer" to the boys of Waldo, eighteen miles down the trail from his hermitage, but he comes down out of the mountain only twice a year—in the spring on snowshoes and in the fall on his pet burro, Jake—to get provisions.

His sixty-five years on the lonely pine-clad mountain side have not made him eccentric. Strangely enough, he likes his fellows, and the interior of his cabin presents a picture of cozy comfort with many of the amenities of modern civilization.

In one corner is a pretty baby grand Chickering piano, and in another a victrola with several hundred records, all classic. His walls are lined with bookcases filled with the wisdom of the ages—books on ancient and modern science, philosophy and art. There is no light fiction. The floor is carpeted with the skins of wild animals he has bagged.

HOW WORMS GET IN HAZELNUTS.

Where did the worm in the hazelnut come from? That question has puzzled many a boy. He knows that the nuts he gathers were carefully culled and that none were stored that gave any evidence of being unsound. And yet, a few months later, when he begins to crack the nuts, he finds that a surprisingly large number are wormy.

The worm is the larva of a strange-looking insect known as the hazelnut weevil, an insect that belongs to the same family as the much-dreaded boll-weevil, which is periodically so destructive to the farmer's grain.

In the late summer, while the nut is still green and tender, the mother weevil goes in search of a place to lay her egg. The egg must be kept safe from harm during its incubating period, and when the larva hatches, it is highly important, from the weevil's point of view, that there be food close at hand so that the baby weevil will not die a premature death.

Instinct has taught the mother weevil that no better place could be found for her egg than the inside of a hazelnut, for there lies safety for her egg and food for her offspring. So the mother weevil begins to peck away with her queer-looking snout, and in due time she has made a tiny tunnel to the center of the nut. Then she lays an egg, poking it well down into the tunnel with her snout.—Popular Science.

PLUCK AND LUCK

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

Ivan H. Conklin, age seventeen, and Gorton Wheeler, sixteen, have been sentenced by Judge James Hill of Norwick to attend church regularly for six months and refrain from attending the movies for that period. The boys were indicted for burglary and larceny in taking an automobile for a joy ride.

A curio dealer in Steubenville, Ohio, has a coat covered with 3,300 elk teeth, which he values at $10,000. The coat was made by an Inndian in Manitoba, Canada, and is sinew sewed. It weighs twenty-eight pounds. The owner of the coat is a member of the Order of Elks and wears the coat at all conventions. With the coat the owner wears an ordinary necklace made of the largest of the elk teeth in his collection.

John Siple caught one of the largest prairie wolves in a trap on his farm northwest of Ida Grove, La., that has ever been killed in the country. The wolf, after he had been killed, measured exactly 64 inches from the tip of his tail to the point of his nose, and his pelt was one of the finest ever taken from an animal of that kind. Mr. Siple has shot and trapped over fifty wolves during the past five years, but this was the best fur hide that he has taken from a wolf.

In connection with the investigation of a substitute for jute burlap used in sandbags for the War Department, samples of four kinds of paper, one grade of cotten fabric, and one grade of burlap have been exposed to the weather on the roof of one of the Bureau of Standards buildings and will be tested at stated intervals to determine the effect of rain and sunshine on the strength of the material. Preliminary tests are being made to determine the result of dropping a bag filled with sand or dirt under regulated conditions. The bag is dropped from definite heights in different positions in order to test the seams, the tying, and the strength of the material.

The first White House wedding ceremony in which the daughter of a President was the bride was performed ninety-eight years ago when Maria Hester Monroe, the youngest daughter of President James Monroe, became the bride of Samuel Lawrence Gouverneur. The bride was only seventeen, and was very pretty and charming as she stood on an American eagle which had been woven into a rug for the occasion, before the Rev. M. Hanley. Only the families of a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, not even the members of the Cabinet being invited. It was planned to follow the honeymoon of the happy pair with a succession of balls and other festivities in honor of the young bride, but Commodore Decatur was killed in a duel soon after the wedding and Washington was plunged into mourning. Simple as the wedding was, it is related that President Monroe spent several hundred dollars for the candles used to illuminate the White House on that occasion.

LAUGHS

"It was very romantic," says the friend. "He proposed to her in the automobile." "Yes?" we murmur encouragingly. "And she accepted him in the hospital."

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the Census Bureau? Pa—The Census Bureau, my son, is a collector of facts that are given to the public after they are out of date.

"I say, old man, you've never returned that umbrella I lent you last week." "Hang it all, old man, be reasonable—it's been raining ever since."

"Do you think you can manage with my salary of three pounds a week, darling?" he asked, after she had said yes. "I'll try, Jack," replied she. "But what will you do?"

"Robert, what in the world is the matter with the baby?" "Why, mamma, I had to spank her!" "Had to spank her! Why, Robert, what do you mean?" "Me and Jimmie was playin' poker with lozenges, and the baby went and et up nearly all the stakes."

Benevolent Lady—"Little boy, here is another temperance tract I wish you would give to your father." Street Gamin—"Me dad ain't drinkin' now. He's swore off." Benevolent Lady (ecstatically)—"Did he read the last tract I gave you?" Gamin—"Nope. He's trainin' fur a prize fight."

"Pardon me, old man," began the veteran boarder, "but we don't want to lose you, and I just want to warn you that you'd better begin to pay something on your board." "Why?" asked the new boarder. "Well, I noticed that Mrs. Starvem was dangerously polite to you this morning."

A missionary in a club once laid his hand on a man's shoulder and said: "Friend, do you hear the solemn ticking of that clock? Tick-tack; tick-tack. And oh, friend, do you know what day it inexorably and relentlessly brings nearer?" "Yes—pay day," the other, an honest, optimistic working man, replied.

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

KEEP BEES AND NEED NO SUGAR

The United States Department of Agriculture has started a campaign to stimulate bee-keeping. This is a real war economy measure, for honey can take the place of sugar, and there are absolutely unlimited supplies of honey in the flowers that grow wild all over the country.

Bee-keeping is very easy, says the Pittsburgh Press, and any man who goes about it carefully and with such elemental instructions as he can get from the Department of Agriculture can have a good crop of honey the first year and be able to laugh at the scarcity of sugar, besides making a profit by the sale of the product of his bees.

BEARS FLEE TO CITY.

Marienville has resembled a scrambled menageria as a result of forest fires which raged over thousands of acres of wild country till rain extinguished the flames. Black bears, wild cats, rabbits, rattlesnakes, and scores of other wild life representatives, fleeing from the fires in the slashings, have taken refuge in the village.

The flames at one time surrounded Marienville and threatened its destruction, but quick work by men of the village halted the menacing red line.

HOW ORDER OF THE GARTER GOT ITS NAME

The Order of the Garter, the highest honor the British sovereign may bestow and one of the most famous orders of knighthood and chivalry in history, was instituted by Edward III in 1849. It was at first known as the Order of St. George and membership was limited to twenty-five.

Edward, having been victorious on land and sea and having King David of Scotland as prisoner, initiated the order in recognition of the valor of his bravest knights. While not at first called the Order of the Garter, the garter was given preeminence among the insignia. It is of blue, bordered with gold, with the inscription in old French, "Evil to him who evil thereof thinks." There is a tradition that the Countess of Salisbury, while dancing, lost her garter, which her partner, the king, stooped to pick up and return, whereat some of the courtiers tittered. At that Edward wrathfully shouted, "Evil to him who evil thereof thinks," and declared he would make that garter the most glorious emblem in the land.

SOME RECENT PATENTS, ETC.

Gymnastic apparatus to be attached to the head of a bed to permit persons to exercise before rising, has been patented by a Philadelphian.

The government of Uruguay will establish a school for farm foremen, the pupils being limited to young men unable to pay for their education.

Like a gear-wheel with the teeth turned downward is the head of a new long-handled spoon intended for stirring the contents of deep cooking utensils.

Of European invention is a machine that embroiders designs on three dozen pairs of stockings at once, a battery of needles making 288 stitches simultaneously.

A shoulder shield for icemen has been invented, which protects their shoulders from cakes of ice carried and also leads the drippings away from their clothing.

Patents have been granted a Japanese resident of Los Angeles for apparatus for treating diseases by applications of heat gradually increasing in degree until a patient becomes able to withstand the maximum temperature.

A recently patented toaster holds a slice of bread between two spring clips so that the heat can strike its entire surface.

A patent has been granted for a brush and comb mounted on a box into which they fold for carrying or to protect them from dust.

Driven by bicycle gearing and a propeller, a miniature submarine has been invented in which bathers can plunge beneath the water.

A process has been invented in Holland for manufacturing a food for swine from fish refuse that does not affect the flavor of the pork.

A rubber washbasin has been invented for motorists or tourists that is proof against hot water and can be folded compactly for carrying.

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ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

AERO STAMPS.

The advent of the flying postman, and the development of the aerial mail, have brought a new and fascinating interest into the stamp-collecting hobby. Mr. Fred J. Melville, the president of the Junior Philatelic Society, has just compiled the first detailed catalogue of aero stamps. It enumerates all the special postage stamps issued up to date for use in franking letters for transmission by air post. It is interesting to note how many different countries figure in the list. There are aero stamps from Austria, Canada, Colombia, Germany, Hungary, Italy, Japan, Newfoundland, Switzerland, Tunis and United States. All the stamps including the historic 'Hawker" and "Alcock" stamps of the Transatlantic flight are illustrated. The booklet is published at 12 cents by the Philatelic Institute, 110, Strand, where there is practically a complete collection of the rarest air stamps at present on exhibition.

ELEPHANT CAUSED A WAR

Believing that Buddha lived again in the body of a white elephant, a devastating war was fought in the sixteenth century between Siam and Pegu for possession of the unhandsome animal. For a generation the struggle continued and in it five kings came to the throne, only to die together with thousands of their subjects. A white elephant is exceedingly rare, but is simply an albino and by no means snow-colored. In 1883 Barnum, not from a religious motive, brought one from Siam at a cost of $200,000.

Frequent mention is made of elephants in the history of ancient wars. The Roman armies fled at their first appearance in their early conflicts with the Carthaginians, but by the use of torches soon learned to break up a charge of the huge beasts. Alexander encountered them in his conquest of Asia.

The elephant looks stupid and his brain is small for his size, only as large as a man's, but it is highly developed and few animals are more intelligent. They are used as beasts of burden in India, where they are regarded with superstitious awe by their drivers.

NOAH'S ARK MODEL.

Ed. Lampe, a fisherman at Vermillion, Ohio, was reading a story about Noah's Ark one night when it occurred to him that were the craft of Noah's time resurrected and modernized a little it might have a tendency to lessen the toll that storms take annually in the Great Lakes section.

Lampe designed a boat on the plan of Noah's Ark. He tried the craft out and it met every expectation. It ploughed the most vicious billows, going out and returning when all other boats had to be kept in port.

Lampe's craft attracted the attention of the commercial fishing interests of the Lake Erie section and investigators were sent to Vermillion.

"If you can save some poor devil's life by using my style of boat, go ahead and use it," he said.

The United Fisheries Company of Sandusky, Ohio, one of the largest organizations of its kind operating on Lake Erie, recently completed the first of six gillnet tugs of the type designed by Lampe, at a ship-building branch of this city. The other five are to be ready to be commissioned at the beginning of the spring fishing season of 1920.

OFFER TO EAT ALL GERMANS.

The Prince of Wales' visit to Fiji calls attention to that little known outpost of the British Empire in the South Seas which has been a Crown colony for the last forty-eight years.

Fiji is about as far away from the Mother Country as one could possibly travel. The group consists of over 200 fertile islands, of which about 50 are inhabited, enjoying an equable subtropical climate.

Under the protection of the paternal Colonial Government the less objectionable of old native customs and practices are still carried on. It is difficult for Western civilization to grasp the powerful and deep-seated influence of custom on the native mind—what looks like a half-hearted sort of performance is redundant with meaning to the Fijian, minute details of action by the performers are carefully noted and often form topics for an argument or a feud for weeks to come. The Fijian is a magnificant and imposing specimen of the human race, with his superb physique and quaint attire. By nature he is slothful, filled with vanity, and dreads anything resembling hard work unless he is spurred on to it by a sense of amour propre, as was the case with the Fijian native Labor Corps in France. Once his vanity is touched, he performs prodigies of valor.

Scratch a Fijian sufficiently deep and underneath the epidermis of missionary civilization there is still the old dark savage. During 1916 it was considered advisable to tell the Fijians a little about the Germans and their atrocities in Belgium and elsewhere. An old man remarked, "This is very sad—the good government has now only one thing to do: construct big guns to kill all the Germans and send over some of us Fijians to eat them up!" Eating the body of your slain foe, it is needless to say, constitutes the supreme insult.

The Fijian has no incentive to work. His wants are fed—his food, clothing and dwelling are supplied abundantly by Nature. Add to that the fact that the Colonial Government, constituted in 1872 with the protection of the native and his interests as the first principle of its policy, led off by giving the natives practically all the land in the group, and it is not surprising to find that the British settler has to take second place. Passive antipathy to the white man has never disappeared since the fierce old days of buccaneering "Bully" Hayes, and the "black birders

HOG FARM BAD FOR MINE

Eighty - five miners and five topmen were thrown out of work when Mine Examiner George Granger of the New National Coal Company ordered the mine closed because of the odor from the Gravelly Valley hog farm near Belleville, Mo., which is sucked down into the mine by the fan in the ventilating shaft.

A committee composed of Granger, Charles Gibbons and John Hubert was named to consult an attorney with a view to instituting suit against Guy W. Caron, the head of the company operating the hog farm, for damages for time lost by the men. State Mine Inspector Thomas Wright has posted a notice at the mine, which is three blocks from the hog farm, that the men are not to be allowed to go down if the odor from the farm penetrates the mine.

Steps to restrain the company from operating the farm are to be taken by the city of Belleville in injunction proceedings which will be filed shortly.

For cleaning between the teeth a pocket-size container for dental floss has been invented with a bracket on top to hold a piece of the floss while it is being used.

New Hair Growth After BALDNESS

HAIR GROWN ON MR. BRITTAIN'S BALD HEAD BY INDIANS' MYSTERIOUS HAIR GROWER

My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth.

Yet now, at an age over 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness. The pictures shown here are from my photographs.

From recent photo.

INDIANS' SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH

Photo when bald.

At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian "medicine man" who had an elixir that he asseverated would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly.

Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade.

I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved. Many men and women, also children, have reported satisfactory results from Kotalko.

How YOU May Grow YOUR Hair

For women's hair.

My honest belief is that hair roots rarely die even when the hair falls out through dandruff, fever, excessive dryness or other disorders. I have been told by experts that often when hair falls out the roots become imbedded within the scalp, covered by hard skin, so that they remain for a time like bulbs or seeds in a bottle which will grow when fertilized. Shampoos (which contain alkalis) and hair lotions which contain alcohol are enemies to the hair, as they dry it, making it brittle. Kotalko contains those elements of nature which give new vitality to the scalp and hair. To prove the GENUINENESS of Kotalko, I will send the recipe FREE on request. Or I will mail a testing box of Kotalko with the recipe for 10 cents, silver or stamps, *if you mention this publication.* Satisfy yourself. You want to stop falling hair, eliminate dandruff or cover that bald spot with healthy hair. Get the dime testing box NOW, apply once or twice daily—watch in your mirror! Address:

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This veteran, S. B. Lamphere, was addicted to the excessive use of tobacco for many years. He wanted to quit, but needed something to help him.

He learned of a free book that tells about tobacco habit and how to conquer it quickly, easily and safely. In a recent letter he writes: "I have no desire for tobacco any more. I feel like a new man."

Any one desiring a copy of this book on tobacco habit smoking and chewing can get it free, postpaid, by writing to Edward J. Woods, TV-103, Station F, New York City. You will be surprised and pleased. Look for quieter nerves, stronger heart, better digestion, improved eyesight, increased vigor, longer life and other advantages if you quit poisoning yourself.

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NEW THINGS

An adjustable sub-frame has been invented by an Ohio man to enable a standard type of motor truck body to be fitted to trucks of different widths and lengths.

—

Following extensive study of the subject, a Scotch scientist has decided that no trees are immune to lightning and that one kind is struck as often as another.

—

For the comfort of the occupants of back seats of automobiles winding shields have been patented formed of wings of glass that can be adjusted in any desired position.

—

In experimenting with soap bubbles an English scientist developed apparatus that blew them large and substantial enough to be used as backgrounds for photographs.

—

To help support the spines of men who have to stoop over at their work an inventor has patented a sort of spring harness that is attached to the shoulders and hips.

—

Some Vienna theatres do without ushers by mounting electric lights in such positions that they illuminate the numbers on seats as long as the latter are unoccupied.

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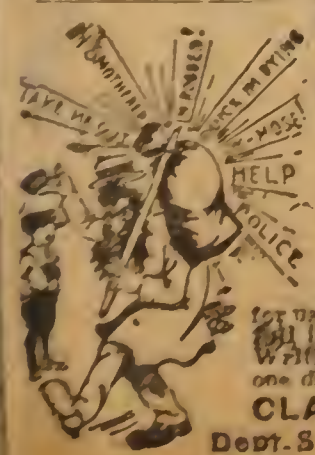

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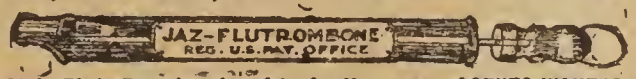

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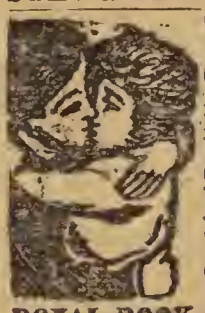

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